

APR 17 1913

THE ACADEMY

AND
LITERATURE

No. 2135

[Registered as a
Newspaper.]

APRIL 5, 1913

PRICE THREEPENCE

COPIES OF BACK NUMBERS OF
THE ACADEMY, WITH THE

Special Literary Retrospects

CONTAINING

Articles, Reviews & Poems

BY

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS,
W. E. HENLEY, WILLIAM SHARP,
LIONEL JOHNSON,

and many other Notable Writers, can still be obtained.

Crown 8vo, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net (postage 3d.).

PASSING THE LOVE OF WOMEN AND OTHER POEMS.

By Rev. E. E. BRADFORD, D.D., Exeter College, Oxon. Author of "Sonnets, Songs and Ballads."

"Facile and sprightly verses."—*The Times*.

"Orthodoxy and scholarship are the characteristic note of the dignified metrical work in the volume..... such a book cannot fail to please readers who like English poetry best when it keeps true to its own traditions."—*The Scotsman*.

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & Co., Ltd., Broadway House, 68-74 Carter Lane, London, W.C.

JOURNALISTIC and SECRETARIAL TRAINING FOR LADIES.—Rapid systematic coaching. Special course in Journalism. Excellent introductions given.—Telephone or write, THE TRIANGLE SECRETARIAL OFFICES, 61, South Molton Street, W.

THE IDEAL POLICY

enables Policyholders to reap the Benefits of their investments DURING THEIR OWN LIFETIME, and in the event of premature death, to leave their legal representatives in possession of a comfortable home FREE FROM MORTGAGE DEBT or encumbrance. Apply for free booklet entitled "Buying a House in the Right Way." Prospectuses and Terms post free.

THE CITY LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED, 6, PAUL ST., FINCHURCH, LONDON, E.C.

M. GREGORY, Managing Director.

BARGAINS IN BOOKS.

Kipling's Complete Works, 25 vols., half calf, gilt, fine set, £12 12s.; Meredith's Works, fine set, cloth, 24 vols., £8; Thackeray's Centenary Biographical Edition, 26 vols., £6 6s.; Dramas and Tragedies of Chivalric France, 13 vols., including Brantome's Book of the Ladies, £3 3s.; Times Century Dictionary, 8 vols., 1/2 levant (pub. £15 15s.), for £6 10s.; Temple's Flowers and Trees of Palestine, 6s., for 1s. 10d., post free; Studio Magazine, 40 vols., £9 9s.; Purchas's Voyages, 20 vols., £9 9s.; Glasgow, 1905; Slater's Engravings and their Values, 1912, 18s.; Chaffer's Marks and Monograms on Pottery and Porcelain, 1912, 42s. Library of French Masterpieces, edited by Gosse, 12 vols., £2 2s.; Baily's Magazines of Sports and Pastimes, 64 vols., £7 10s.; Grimm's Fairy Tales, large paper, illus. by Rackham, £2 2s.; Proc. Inst. Civil Engineers, 142 vols., cloth, £16 16s.; Pinkerton's Voyages and Travels, 17 Vols., 1808, £5 10s.; Beardsley's Morte d'Arthur, 2 vols., £5 10s., 1893; Porter's Knights of Malta, 1858, 2 vols., £3 3s.; Burton's Arabian Nights, 17 vols., illustrated, £17 17s.; Gould's History Freemasonry, 3 thick vols., morocco binding, £2 2s., cost £6 6s.; Journal Society Chemical Industry, vols 1 to 24, £16 16s.; Chambers' Illustrated Encyclopædia, 10 vols., half Morocco 1904, £3 3s. Will take any good books in exchange for above.—BAKER'S GREAT BOOK-SHOP, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

BOOKS.—Catalogue of 2,500 valuable and interesting books post free.—R. Atkinson, 97, Sunderland Road, Forest Hill, London.

TYPEWRITING promptly and accurately done. 10d. per 1,000 words. Specimens and references.—Address Miss MURDER, The Orchard, Cotterill Road, Surbiton, S.W.

FOR SALE.

Several Hundred Copies of a Specially Prepared Map of South America

Printed in Colours, showing the Produce and Chief Characteristics for which each District is noted.

For particulars apply

ACADEMY OFFICE,
63 LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

THE NEW WITNESS

(Conducted by the Editor and Staff of 'THE EYE-WITNESS.')

Edited by CECIL CHESTERTON

MINISTERS AND THE MARCONI GAMBLE.

SONNET UPON GOD THE WINEGIVER. By Hilaire Belloc.
THE SONG OF COSMOPOLITAN COURAGE.

By G. K. Chesterton.

COUNTERS FOR COIN. By Cecil Chesterton.

OUR LADY'S DAY POEM. By Frances Chesterton.

MARK RUTHERFORD. By Thomas Seccombe.

ABSTRACT AND ELEMENTARY. By Desmond McCarthy.

PAYEMENT REFLECTIONS. By G. S. Street.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER—VIII. By F. Hugh O'Donnell.

Sixpence Weekly.

At all Bookstalls and Newsagents.

Publishing Office:

9, John Street, Adelphi,
London, W.C.

THE ACADEMY

A Weekly Review of Literature, Science and Art.
PRICE THREEPENCE.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION:

INLAND, 15s. Post Free. FOREIGN & COLONIAL, 17s. 6d. Post Free.

This may be sent to any Newsagent, or to the Offices of
THE ACADEMY, 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

To

Please send me THE ACADEMY for the next months.
enclose remittance value

Name

Description

Address

Now Ready.

The MARCH No. of

THE BOOK MONTHLY

If you would like to understand the Book World, to know the intimate aspect of book lore, of book-men and book-women, the Book Monthly will interest you. It is one of the most quoted and most chic of the book-talk journals.

Chief Contents Include:

MR. GARVIN AS BOOKMAN.

A Tour round his Library with Good Talk by the Way.

By J. P. COLLINS.

TOP-NOTES IN LETTERS.

The Present Vogue of Strindberg, John Masfield and "Milestones."

By C. E. LAWRENCE.

LITERARY "HOWLERS."

A Pretty Collection of Slips, mostly with a Humorous Side.

By ADAM MILLER.

A LONDON LETTER.

How the Reviewing Machine of a Daily Paper Works.

By JAMES MILNE.

Specimen Copy post free 6d. Annual Subscription post free 6s. 6d.

CASELL & CO., Ltd., La Belle Sauvage, LONDON, E.C.

CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
Notes of the Week	419	Aspects of Ireland: During	
Protest	420	the Tudors	433
Reading Aloud	420	The Theatre:	
Lord Wolseley: Ad Memo-		"The Yellow Jacket" at	
riam	421	the Duke of York's	
Word Wanderings	423	Theatre	434
Relics of Primeval London	425	"The Great Adventure"	
Reviews:		at the Kingsway	
India from a Missionary's		Theatre	435
Point of View	426	"Diplomacy" at Wynd-	
Two Books on Psycho-		ham's Theatre	436
logy	427	At St. Stephen's Shrine ...	437
A Cabinet of Miniatures	428	Of Hospitality	438
Sir Frederick Treves in		Notes and News	439
Palestine	429	Imperial and Foreign	
Religious Theories of the		Affairs	440
Nineteenth Century ...	430	Motoring	441
Shorter Reviews	431	In the Temple of Mammon	442
Fiction	432	Correspondence	444
		Books Received	447

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post-free.

The EDITORIAL OFFICE is at 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C., where all communications to the Editor should be addressed.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

Notes of the Week

THE cheap reprint of Bohn's Libraries will appeal to the reading public generally, but most especially to the schoolboy who, to avoid corporal punishment, detention, or even lines, will gladly plant down a shilling and proceed to construe Latin or Greek with amazing fluency. Schoolmasters, however, are not all like the absent-minded type which Mr. Cyril Maude so humorously depicts at the Playhouse. It is possible that the schoolboy, just as he is heartily congratulating himself on his success and voting cribs a jolly good institution, may hear the Head say, in a solemn and awful voice that strikes terror to his soul, and even banishes a relish for puffs and ginger-beer: "Williams, I've got a bone to pick with you!"

This month Messrs. Sotheby are to sell one of the smallest volumes ever printed—the "English Bijou Almanac" for 1838. The little book, which measures three-quarters of an inch by five-eighths, and about an eighth of an inch in thickness, is happily provided with a magnifying glass. The volume is "Poetically illustrated by 'L. E. L.," and contains a fund of information. If the output of books is destined to increase rapidly each

year, it may be necessary, with a view to economising space, to issue books in bijou form. If book-lovers' tailors will provide a number of minute pockets in coat, waistcoat, and trousers, these print-loving souls will be able to carry about with them a small library of books, ranging from "Little Lord Fauntleroy" to the "Anatomy of Melancholy." In the far future it may be possible for learned and enterprising publishers to issue books in the fourth dimension.

Post-impressionists, cubists, futurists, have already upset Art's apple-cart, made the once daring Whistler a back number, and the utterances of Ruskin seem prehistoric. Now, however, these progressive daubers, who consider that the Old Masters were simply old fogies who didn't know their business, must give place to the more dazzling brilliance of "the Grafton Group," which, while embracing very cordially the fearful and wonderful attractions of their immediate predecessors, have gone a good step further, and added much that savours of colour and form gone stark, staring mad—colour and form rioting together in a padded room. At the Alpine Club Galleries will be found pictures representing gibbering harpies—the gibbering being depicted by flesh-tinted isosceles triangles—a gorilla building a little blue church, one-third the size of himself, and an eyeless Joseph horrified by the unseemly advances of Potiphar's wife, whose nose is extremely long and possibly prehensile. We rushed out of the Alpine Club Galleries, paused at a shop window, and there gazed long and thankfully at an oleograph of "The Maiden's Prayer."

Canada will shortly possess a new kind of pillar-box, lit up with electric light from dusk to dawn, gay with revolving advertisements depicting somebody's pills or somebody's corsets, and replete with a stamp-selling machine. In the event of this miniature post-office being introduced into our country, it will be necessary to provide some mechanical device which will seriously damage a Suffragette's hat when she desires to scatter sulphuric acid over letters. If these new-fangled pillar-boxes are destined to stand sentry in our streets, we hope they will not supersede the country post-mistress. We like her friendly chat when we purchase a penny stamp or a stick of barley-sugar, and we have become accustomed to her hairy, scratchy pen.

At the second "Congress of Experimental Psychology," which was held in Paris recently, Dr. Durville awakened considerable interest by exhibiting a human hand said to have been mummified by the daily and prolonged contact of the doctor's fingers, from which passed the "vital fluid." Dr. Durville must continue the laying-on of his hands. With much magnetism—and a big pinch of salt—he may get this severed member of the human anatomy to rival the eerie doings of Mr. Jacobs's "The Monkey's Paw" or Gautier's "The Mummy's Foot."

Protest

THROUGH the hot Sabbath noon we sing and pray,
 But when from sin the preacher bids us turn
 And freely-proffered grace no longer spurn,
 My glances through the open south door stray
 To where in wonder at the empty day,
 July sits gipsy-brown amongst the fern
 With challenging red lips and eyes that burn
 With scorn for those who will not though they may.

And this resenting, though to laughter nigh,
 My heart makes protest: "Truly there be some
 Who fear against the night that needs must come
 To take what day gives gladly, and so die
 With hearts that never loved; pass blind and dumb—
 Dead songs upon their lips—but not so I!"

W. G. HOLE.

Reading Aloud

IT is probable that the average person prefers to read to himself rather than to be read to, partly because our elocution is faulty and our voice not sufficiently flexible to give enjoyment to others. There are plenty of people who read aloud on every possible and impossible occasion, but only a very few who excel in this most difficult art. It is an art, however, well worth cultivating, and, though we shall never possess the golden voice of a Forbes-Robertson or a Sarah Bernhardt, we may in time become sufficiently proficient to disassociate reading aloud with opiates, and at a fairly remote period we may be able to impart something like an added charm to the page we are reading.

What are the factors that constitute good reading aloud? We must possess a voice that is full of infinite variety, a voice that is incapable of dullness. If we have the good fortune to possess histrionic ability, the voice will be able to reproduce humour or pathos, to suggest the weird or the exquisitely beautiful, without the least effort. There must be no straining after effect. If our reading is to be successful, then we must read aloud from a book that we have studied over and over again. We must know what's coming, and exhaust every shade of meaning in the author's mind.

In the Victorian era we were familiar with penny readings. The price was modest because the performance was generally poor. A really good reader deserves, but will never get, the salary of a music-hall artist, and the husband or wife who can read aloud well during the long winter evenings will prevent many a wearisome argument in no way connected with literature. If reading aloud were more prevalent than reading to oneself, it may be that authors would gradually discard padding, lest the listener should rest his head upon it, as it were, and fall asleep. The poet who heard "incarnadine" repeated something like twenty

times during the evening would make haste to bury the word and never use it again.

There are some books that simply beg to be read aloud. It is almost a sin to read a humorous volume to oneself, to laugh alone and never share the joke, the host of good things, with others. Dickens's books are eminently suited for reading aloud, but some of the very long sentences require considerable voice control. We should do well not to over-emphasise the more pathetic passages. Dickens has unfortunately done so, particularly with his *Little Nells* and *Paul Dombey*, and we should avoid the tremolo note when lack of restraint has succeeded in piling on the agony, and sometimes suggesting the maudlin and sentimental. Mr. W. W. Jacobs's stories were written for a general audience. They seem to demand a pipe, if not a jug of beer, and the reading, when it concerns the delightful *Ginger Dick* or *Bob Pretty*, might well take place at a country inn before a roaring fire. Thackeray, "*Cranford*," "*St. Ives*," the Brontë novels, "*The Cloister and the Hearth*," "*The Adventures of Hajji Baba*," the letters of Cowper and Lamb, lend themselves to being read aloud, though the list might be multiplied over and over again, a list which, at best, is merely personal, however carefully it may be prepared.

In childhood, when we do not possess the critical faculty, but have instead a fresh imagination which we partly lose in after life, the voice of the nurse may drone or buzz or mumble, and yet if she read "*The King of the Golden River*," Baker's "*Cast Up by the Sea*," or a fairy tale by Grimm or Andersen, we are held spell-bound. Those joys are unique, and no one's reading when we grow up can ever take their place, ever excel their indescribable charm.

Poetry is far more difficult to read than prose. Tennyson had a weakness for reading his work to others, a weakness which lesser poets, and even greater poets, would do well not to emulate, especially when they have to hunt for an audience. Those who can recite rhymed couplets for half an hour without producing something akin to a see-saw in the head have conquered sing-song and added no little glory to themselves in so doing. Swinburne is by no means easy to read aloud well. The poet's love of sibilance acts as an effervescence on the tongue, and the reader, unless he is an expert, should sit apart from those who listen to him.

Beware of the old gentleman who reads aloud choice passages from the newspapers. He reads, not for your enjoyment, but that he may the better comprehend what he is reading. The sound of his voice quickens his mental faculties, but, nevertheless, it is a sure sign of senile decay. Beware, too, of the crank reader who counts four when he comes to a fullstop, as if it were an egg to be timed for boiling purposes. The ideal reader is the man who reads aloud the book some one else wants to listen to, who reads it with sheer enjoyment that is delightfully infectious. The ideal reader has been successful when his listener, like *Oliver Twist*, asks for more.

F. HADLAND DAVIS.

Lord Wolseley: Ad Memoriam.

BY FRANK HARRIS

IT is sometimes interesting to study men who have succeeded in life, and distinguish the qualities which have helped them forward from the part chance has played in their preferment.

"Chance," of course, means, for the most part, "suitability to environment," and, for the rest, causes and effects too slight or too numerous to be separately noticed.

The daily papers assure us that Lord Wolseley was "a military genius . . . a brilliant military writer . . . a man of great and brilliant conceptions." But is this true? Is it really true that he leaves "a name with which Army reform and efficiency must always be connected"? Is our Army even now regarded as efficient? Or is all this praise the lip-service which "the poor heart would fain deny, but dares not"?

To put the question is to answer it. It is clearly the language of eulogy to say that Lord Wolseley was "a military genius"; the victories of Kumasi and Tel-el-Kebir are not sufficient to counterbalance the blunders in South Africa—even taking only those mistakes into account, for which he was chiefly or altogether responsible. It is the extravagance of eulogy to call him "a brilliant military writer"; his writing is anything but "brilliant," though his choice of the successful and unscrupulous soldier, John Churchill, as a hero is to a certain extent soul-revealing, and surely the less said about his "great and brilliant conceptions" or about "the reform of our Army and its efficiency" the kinder one shows oneself to the memory of the late Commander-in-Chief.

Yet it is with regret that one rejects even such extravagant praise, and indicates limitations, for Lord Wolseley was a charming personality, in some respects a remarkable man, at all times an interesting and delightful companion, were it only for the quick, vivacious interest he took in many sides of life, and his complete, his extraordinary freedom from any suspicion of affectation or snobbery.

The frankness of his greeting and the simple, manly freedom of his intercourse almost persuaded one that he was a man of genius; his appearance, too, gave countenance to the belief. He was about middle height, of spare, strong, alert figure, the head remarkable for breadth of forehead, for full open blue eyes that met one brightly, for challenging adventurous nose and strong chin; instinctively, however, one thought of talent and not of greatness; he was too open, too much on the surface; there was nothing mysterious, unfathomable, nothing even unexpected about him; no suggestion of deep, dæmonic, irresistible forces. He was excellently made, but of light weight, yet lightning-quick and courageous to a fault, able to throw every ounce of weight in him on any given point at any moment—a most serviceable, trustworthy, efficient subaltern, wiser than a Ney, a Masséna indeed, fit for independent command, but outmatched with a

great enterprise, incapable of conceiving new conditions.

It is possible, I think, to paint him with his own words—by the stories he told of his own career, and told admirably, with a generous frankness that took delight in praise of others and did not boggle at his own faults, for again and again I must repeat this man had all the graces of greatness.

One story Wolseley told me of the Crimean War is likely to become classic. I related it during his lifetime, but it will bear retelling here. Talking casually of Gordon one day, he mentioned that Graham, Gordon, and himself were all subalterns together in the Crimea, and often met in the trenches before the Redan.

"The approach-trench," he said, "was a sort of ditch, perhaps two or three feet deep, with some inches of water at the bottom of it; there was an earth parapet in front, a foot or so high. We had pushed our approach within some eighty yards of the Redan, well within the range of the Russian rifles. Graham—afterwards Sir Gerald Graham—was a giant six feet four or so in height, and, I think, the bravest man I ever knew. As soon as his day's work was finished, Graham used to get up and walk in a straight line back to his quarters. At first this took the Russian soldiers by surprise, and only one or two fired at him; but as he did it evening after evening, more and more of them used to wait in order to have a shot at him. At length it became a wonder how he escaped the rain of bullets that whistled about him, but no remonstrance did any good; he was simply incapable of fear, and took his own course undisturbed."

"And you?" I asked. "You didn't follow his example?"

"Oh, no!" Wolseley replied simply. "I did not see any sense in exposing myself needlessly; I meant getting as high up in the Army as I could—perhaps to Commander-in-Chief," he added, smiling—"and so, when my time came to knock off work and return to my quarters, I used to crawl along the muddy trench on my stomach till I was fairly out of range, and then get up and walk away."

"And Gordon?" I asked. "What did Charles Gordon do?"

"That was the curious part of it," said Wolseley. "We could never reckon on Gordon. One evening he would stand up and walk off side by side with Graham, talking nineteen to the dozen, as if he could not hear the bullets; the next evening he would crawl along the trench on his belly after me, careful to avoid any unnecessary risk. Incomprehensible, eh? I often wondered whether the difference of conduct had anything to do with that answer to prayer which he always believed in so devoutly. . . ."

The picture, it seems to me, paints the three men to the life—a trio comparable to Dumas' famous Musketeers.

Eager to hear more, I questioned him. "Why do you call Graham the bravest man you ever met? Captain Peel, R.N., who was then with the Naval

Brigade, whom you knew, I believe, is often spoken of as brave to foolhardiness."

"There are lots of brave men," Wolseley replied. "Peel, no doubt, was as brave as could be; but Graham seemed insensible to fear, as, indeed, he seemed to me almost insensible to pain. In China* one morning we were lost in a mist, and suddenly I saw a big man on horseback coming towards me out of the fog. When he came close up, I saw it was Graham. I was delighted to see him, and slapped him on the thigh.

"First rate, Graham," I called out, "to see you; where are we?"

"You need not hit so hard," he replied, without wincing or altering his tone of voice. "A bullet's just gone in there, and my boot's full of blood."

One day I happened to mention the Victoria Cross to Wolseley, and asked whether he minded not getting it. To my astonishment, he put an altogether exaggerated estimate on it.

"Not getting it," he said, "was the disappointment of my life. God knows I tried for it often enough, and once in the Indian Mutiny I thought I had got it."

"Oh, tell me about it!" I exclaimed.

"Well," he said, "the Scotch general in command put three or four regiments of us in front of a fort, and promised the V.C. to the first officer who got inside. I remember thinking it very unfair that he put a Scotch regiment in the best position; but I resolved to have a shy for it all the same. I went to bed and slept, and gave orders to be called early. When I dressed, I dressed for running and not for fighting. I got to the place, as far forward as I well could, and as soon as the order was given I sprinted for all I was worth, throwing away my sword as I ran. I tumbled in among the darkies, head over heels, and, if it hadn't been for the colour-sergeant who followed hard after me, I should probably have been killed; but I got in first! Half an hour afterwards, in the town, I suddenly felt my ankle hurting, and when I put my hand down I found it covered with blood. As I felt sick, I sat up against the wall of a house and waited. I suppose I fainted, for the next thing I knew I was in hospital; but I didn't care a rap for the wound, for the doctor told me I wouldn't be lame, and I felt sure I had got the V.C. When at length my colonel came round and paid me a visit, I was hoping he would congratulate me. Just as he was going, I couldn't help hinting something about the promised reward.

"'You had better keep out of the way,' he said, to my amazement, 'for General So-and-So (the Scotch general) is in a furious rage with you.'

"I did not see the Scotch general till some months later, and then he simply looked at me and said:

"'It was a very good thing I did not meet you, sir, the morning after that affair.'

* Author's Note: I have not my notebook with me on the Continent, and so small errors in detail may be found in this account; in the main it is accurate.

"I would have cheerfully given any rise in rank at any time for the Victoria Cross," Wolseley added.

On another occasion I asked Wolseley about the experiences in the Civil War in America, but to my astonishment got nothing very new out of him. He admired Lee enormously, but, then, everyone admired Robert Lee. He seemed to have an inordinate reverence for Stonewall Jackson, but everyone had a sort of piety for that pious hero.

To my disappointment, Wolseley seemed to have learnt nothing from the American War. He did not even realise that Western marksmanship had won the war for the North.

But he told one humorous story, which is so good that I have always thought it must be a "chestnut," though I've never heard anyone else tell it.

"Going through the lines one evening," he said, "we were astonished to hear a man playing the violin with rare artistry and beauty of tone. When we got to the tent from whence the sweet sounds issued, we were confronted by an enormous red-headed Irishman, who, seeing officers, immediately put down his fiddle and stood to attention. After his own officer had said a word or two to him, I thought it would be only kind to say something complimentary, and, after praising his playing, I said:

"'You were playing by ear, were you not?'

"'No, sorr!' he replied.

"'How then?' I asked, a little astonished.

"'By main strength!' he answered, with an enormous brogue."

One could put certain shadows into this picture of Wolseley; but they are implicit in what has already been said. Wolseley strove as strenuously to be Commander-in-Chief as he had ever striven for the V.C. Once or twice, too, he spoke rather unwisely in the House of Lords, and drew down on himself the reproof of the Parliamentary leaders. In these encounters he did not play the "beau rôle." He was an opportunist—what the French call an "arriviste" by nature.

It was some little time before the war in South Africa, early in the summer of 1897, I believe, when I realised for the first time his real weaknesses, his shortcomings in insight, and understanding of novel conditions. I had seen in some paper or other that additional troops were being sent to South Africa—some to Cape Town, and some to Natal. I could not believe the rumour. I did not want to believe it, and being at the time editor of the *Saturday Review*, I went to Wolseley to find out how far the rumour was correct. He answered me with his usual frankness, and admitted that the rumour was justified.

"But surely there is no chance of war?" I cried horrified. "That would be criminal folly."

"I know nothing about that," he replied. "That is in the hands of Her Majesty's Government. I have nothing to do but to take orders." As he spoke he sprang to his feet, every part of him aquiver, like a terrier ready to spring.

APR
"If
and g
"T
"A
—we
Ag
woul
He
"H
the fi
"F
mark
"Y
men,
discip
"E
dozen
excell
Boers
At
as at
"Y
you
Boers
"B
beat
Penin
shoot
"I
"F
Lain
"M
"I
who
of an
flat a
train
Ag
"V
home
sand
his h
"L
to dr
Bu
And
so fa
said
a wa
cost
W
—not
short
Gene
resol
army
have
mani
his g
his l

"If there is war it will be brought this time to a rapid and glorious conclusion; you can take that from me."

"That won't be easy," I replied.

"Ah! this time," he said, "we will make no mistake—we shall send out an army corps."

Aghast I replied: "But you don't think an army corps would be sufficient to beat the Boers, do you?"

He retorted with another question:

"How many men do you think the Boers can put in the field?"

"Fifty or sixty thousand," I replied, "of the best marksmen in the world."

"You do not imagine they would be as good as our men," he said contemptuously—"farmers against disciplined troops."

"Every Boer," I said, "in his own country is worth a dozen of any disciplined troops in the world; he is an excellent shot and a trained hunter. Sixty thousand Boers properly led would take Berlin."

At that he threw himself into his chair and laughed as at a wild absurdity.

"You leave it to us," he went on, "and we'll show you what an English Army corps will do with the Boers."

"But," I said, "you must know how American farmers beat the troops who had fought with Wellington in the Peninsula. You must know the value of good rifle shooting."

"I know the value of discipline," he replied.

"How do you explain Majuba?" I asked, "and Laing's Nek."

"Mistakes," he said. "Blunders in the leading."

"I don't agree with you," I replied, "the hundred men who went up Majuba would beat a picked five hundred of any army in the world if you put them on a plain as flat as a billiard table; they were all sharpshooters and trained in taking cover."

Again he laughed merrily.

"Why, we had Evelyn Wood," he declared, "wiring home shortly afterwards that he held the eight thousand Boers who were then with Kruger, in the hollow of his hand—that was wired to Gladstone."

"Like a boy holds a hornet," I replied, "mighty glad to drop it."

But nothing I could say made any impression on him. And I went away and wrote in that May of 1897 that so far from being able to beat the Boers as Wolseley said "in a couple of months with an army corps," such a war would strain the resources of the Empire, would cost two years and two hundred millions of money.

Wolseley had learned nothing from the American war—nothing! And the English people had to pay for his shortsightedness. Take him all in all Wolseley was a General of far more than ordinary ability; quick, resolute, courageous, indefatigable, a great leader of an army corps; but not among the great Captains. I have done my work badly if I have not indicated his manifold charms as a man and companion; as a friend his generosity and sympathy were never at fault; while his loyalty and kindness reached chivalry.

Word Wanderings

WORDS, like human beings, have a great taste for travel, and, like them, are apt to modify their ideas according to their experience. They, too, are divisible into races, nations, and families, if we take the parts of speech generally known collectively as "grammar" to represent the family, with verbs and nouns as typical of husbands and wives; and the words which spring from their united action and are more or less dependent on them for their existence, are their children or more distant relatives, as the case may be.

Considering the parts of speech as a family, I would suggest that, if the noun and the verb represent the husband and wife, the pronoun does duty for the second husband (or wife, whichever we like) taken by the verb to help it, as it cannot act alone. This applies more particularly to the English and French languages, where the verb always requires a noun or pronoun. In Italian and Spanish it is possible to indicate number and tense without the aid of a pronoun, and in Portuguese it is even quite usual to do so. The verb, in this last-named language, is not absolutely obliged to remarry if the noun is deceased, divorced, or has otherwise left it alone in the world of words.

But, to come back to the wanderings of the races of words, and their consequent division into nations, let us take the great Latin race, with its modern subdivisions into Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and, perhaps, Rumanian, although I am not sufficiently familiar with the language of Rumania to say whether it is Slav with a strong admixture of Latin, or Latin powerfully modified by a Slavonic element. I incline to the former belief.

Italian, French, Spanish, and Portuguese, then, are the four great nations of words owning direct descent from the original Latin stock. Nor must we forget that English, although not by any manner of means a Latin language, has good Roman blood in its veins, and is very strongly influenced by its Latin ancestry.

Taking Latin, then, for our starting-point, let us see how the words belonging to this race have been affected by their wanderings in France, Spain, Portugal, and England, as well as by the invasion of their native country by a foreign race of men. It is obvious that we can only consider such words as have become nationalised in England, as well as in the first-named lands.

To illustrate my meaning, I will take the very term "to illustrate," which in English is generally understood to mean "to show by example or by picture." This word comes from the Latin adjective, *illustris*, signifying "clear, bright, distinct." From that we have the word "illustrious," meaning "distinguished," whilst "illustration" generally means "a picture." In French the variations on this word are the same as in English—that is to say, *illustrer* for the verb, *illustré* for the adjective, and *illustration* for the noun, all correspond to the English meaning; but in Portuguese the equivalent of "illustrated," which is *ilustrado* (or *ilustrada* in the feminine form), means "enlightened, cultured, learned." One speaks of a well-informed

man as being *illustrado*; the staff of a newspaper is addressed as the *Illustrada Redaccio* of such and such a paper or magazine. The adjective "illustrious" is used in the superlative degree—*Illustrissimo*, before *Senhor* (Mr. or Sir) and becomes in the usual abbreviated form, *Illmo. Sr.*, before a name. The verb *illustrar* falls into place side by side with the English and French meanings, and yet reserves to itself the right to signify "to ennoble," although very rarely used in this sense. Passing through Spain, this word at once drops one "l" in accordance with Spanish orthography, but otherwise keeps generally to the same lines as in Portugal, adding, however, the word *ilustrador*, which means "a person who illustrates or explains anything." Taking the Italian form of the word, we find *illustramento* and *illustrazione*, both signifying "illustration" in the English sense, although the second form is the one most in use. Next we find *illustrare*, "to illustrate," or "to make famous," and then *illustrato* (fem., *illustrata*), meaning "illustrated," or "made illustrious," but more frequently applied in the former sense, and *illustre*, "illustrious" or "famous," not forgetting *illustratore*, "an illustrator."

Thus, it will be seen that these various meanings, although differing from each other according to nationality, have yet remained faithful to the original word from which they sprang, and have in no way degenerated: they have simply developed on different lines.

To give another example of the difference in the application of a word the root meaning of which may be common in all the languages in which it is used, an Italian, wishing to be polite, would begin a letter with "*Egregio Signor*," but an Englishman would feel considerably astonished and not exactly flattered at being addressed as "Egregious Sir." Yet both the English and the Italian variations adhere to the original Latin meaning of "uncommon, one who stands out from amongst his fellows." In this case, however, the English word is degenerate, seeing that it is only used in a derogatory sense.

On the other hand, it is the Italian's turn to smile a little at the assurance often seen at the end of an English letter, that the writer remains his "faithfully"; nor would he be especially pleased at being addressed as "Dear (*Caro*) Sir" by a stranger.

I remember hearing a Scotchman once severely reproving a subordinate in Portuguese, telling him that his neglect to perform a certain duty was a *desgraça*.

"Did you really mean that it was a misfortune?" I asked him as soon as I had an opportunity.

"Misfortune!" he returned, surprised. "No, certainly not; I meant that it was a disgrace."

"But *desgraça* does not mean 'disgrace,'" I replied; "it means 'misfortune.'"

I am not sure that he was convinced, but *desgraça* and "disgrace," which both signify a falling away from a state of grace, have taken such different paths in their respective countries that in one the word signifies "misfortune," and in the other "something to be ashamed of." In this instance, again, the French meaning joins hands with the English, the Spanish siding

with the Portuguese, whilst the Italian embraces both meanings, inclining, however, to that preferred by Spain and Portugal.

The word "impertinent" is another pitfall for those who think that words springing from a common source, and sounding more or less similar, can be applied in the same sense in different languages. This time, however, the danger lies on the side of the Portuguese who should use it in the same sense in English as in his own tongue. For example: a lady was most indignant once when her cook told her, in Portuguese, that she was *muito impertinente*, which she not unnaturally translated into English as "very impertinent," and it was only with difficulty that she allowed herself to be reassured by the explanation that *impertinente* in Portuguese merely means "exacting," or "hard to please," or, at the very worst, "irritable."

The word "competent," in its wanderings over the various countries which recognise Latin influence, has also assumed such different meanings as to prove a stumbling-block to the uninitiated. As we all know, in English it signifies "capable or efficient," whilst in French, *compétent* signifies "duly qualified," and has a certain legal flavour, as likewise in Portuguese. In Spanish, the noun *competencia* is more nearly allied to the English noun "competition," and the verb branches off into two forms: *competer*, "to be one's due by virtue of certain attributes or qualifications," and *competir*, with the English meaning of "rivalry" or "contest"—i.e., "to compete." The Italian and Portuguese verb has only one form, *competere* and *competir*, respectively, for both meanings.

The English "conceit" and the Portuguese *conceito* lend themselves to curious misinterpretation, especially in regard to the corresponding adjectives. A Portuguese family, all the members of which were highly respected, would be described as *muito conceituada*, but would hardly be pleased at the English meaning of "very conceited." Likewise, a Portuguese merchant of good repute is often said to be a *conceituado negociante*, although the expression "a conceited merchant" would fall strangely on English ears. And yet neither word has deviated from the original meaning of the Latin word *conceptus* any more than has the Italian word *concetto*, which, whilst meaning a "thought," or a "conception," has also the brighter meaning of "jest" or "witty repartee," putting one in mind of the graceful English expression not often seen in modern literature, "a pretty conceit."

The word "joy" comes from the French *joie*, and both mean the same, whereas the Portuguese word *joia* and the Spanish *jóya* signify "a jewel"; and the Italian *gioja* means both "joy" and "a jewel," and carries the diminutive *gioella*, literally "little joy," which is the more usual term for a jewel. And, after all, a jewel is often a thing of joy to its owner, whatever it may be to the person who pays the bill for it, so it does not seem unnatural to find these variations in the application of the word in kindred languages.

The word "expert" has retained the literal meaning of the original Latin—i.e., "tried, proved, experi-

enced"—in French, Italian, and Spanish, as well as in English; but in Portuguese it has degenerated sadly, and signifies "astute, sharp." "Respectable," which sometimes sounds patronising in English, has kept up its venerable character in all the Latin languages. "Please remember me to your respectable parents," wrote the Mother Superior to an English girl who had been educated in a convent abroad. And in cases like this the trouble is that one can hardly make people see that "respectable," and likewise "worthy," are not exactly complimentary in English.

These are only a few of the words which have been so modified in their peregrinations as to be fraught with peril for the unwary. I cannot give a better example of the dangers of employing words which, though similar in form, may be quite dissimilar in meaning when converted from one language into another, than by quoting the words of a young French lady, who remarked to her English friends: "My arms are so meagre, they do not accord with my corpse."

R. A.

Relics of Primeval London

BY WALTER JOHNSON, F.G.S.

THE story which the archæologist can tell concerning the beginnings of London has been learnt only after long and diligent search, both in the old surface soil on which the modern habitations stand, and in the muddy channel of the river which is the true parent of our populous city. The quest has been carried on for at least two generations, and large numbers of material relics have been accumulated. Of these, a goodly share has fallen to the private collector, but probably the most representative specimens are stored in our London museums.

A study of these relics serves to impress the beholder with the dominant part played by the Thames in the formation of London. For, indeed, London, geologically, politically, and commercially, is as much the gift of the Thames as Egypt is the gift of the Nile. The areas of gravel which proved most attractive to the early settlers, and the brick-earths which nourished the rich suburban orchards and gardens, have all been deposited either by the present river or its predecessors. Hence, whether the antiquarian object be laid bare by the navy's pickaxe in the City street, or scooped up from the river-bed by a revolving dredge, it is to the Thames that all the relics must be directly or indirectly assigned.

The inquiring citizen who wishes to read the fascinating story aright would perhaps do well to visit the collection of prehistoric objects at the New Museum in Kensington Palace. The collection is neither so rich nor so varied as that of Bloomsbury, but for that very reason it is less bewildering and less likely to give him a "museum headache." He will doubtless be first prompted to enter the "Annexe," where he will see the

large third-century boat which was probably a portion of the fleet prepared by the rebellious admiral, Carausius, in his attempt to set his Roman masters at naught, and which was discovered in the Thames alluvium (1910) when the foundations of the new County Hall were being laid. The boat, which was perhaps originally some sixty feet in length, now rests in a kind of dry dock. An admirable attempt has been made to reproduce the situation in which the relic was found; while in a wall-case hard by may be seen numerous associated articles, such as horseshoes, potsherds, and scraps of leather. Here, at the outset, the observer is confronted by the fact that, in the alluvium bordering the Thames, lie entombed objects belonging to an age as recent as the Roman occupation. In other words, much of the marshland fringe which, during the Roman period, was inundated at high tides, has since been reclaimed. This has been the case notably at Battersea, Westminster, and the Isle of Dogs.

That the silt and sand deposited by the modern river preserves relics of the Roman era need not be greatly emphasised, since a glance at the Roman case inside the Museum proper will prove that similar remains are much more numerous under the "made soil" of the old City. The spade of the pavior turns up rusty keys and fish-spears of iron, bone pins and needles, fibulæ, lamps and steelyard weights, with bits of earthenware made at Castor or in the New Forest, or imported, like the beautiful Samian ware, from the Continent. The Museum contains specimens of all these articles, dug up in Lombard Street, Fenchurch Street, Finsbury, Southwark, and many other spots.

But how came the Romans to fix on London as a desirable place of settlement? The answer, in brief, is that the Thames was a tidal river, suitable for navigation, and where the Romans reared Londinium there already existed a tract of land raised well above the water-level. The site was, in reality, an old shelf of shingle left by the Thames. It was the presence of this gravel bank and the absence of alluvium that determined the position of the Roman city, just as, down to the nineteenth century, the great masses of the population were settled on the various gravel areas such as Holborn, Piccadilly, Bloomsbury, and Kensington, where water could be readily obtained.

It is an archæological commonplace that several Roman roads converged towards London. The so-called Watling Street, coming from Dover, appears to have headed for Westminster, where, it may be supposed, there was a ford or ferry. Ermine Street, again, must have touched the river somewhere near the present London Bridge. The continuations of these highways north of the river intersected other roads running, roughly, east and west. One of these junctions was near Hyde Park Corner. Now, this road system has an important bearing on our subject. It is probable that, to a large extent, these well-made roads were often only old British trackways, straightened here and there, and provided with a firm foundation of stone. If this supposition be correct—and there is good analogical evidence forthcoming—then the prehistoric pathways

must have led to fords across the Thames, and we get a hint of a pre-Roman settlement.

Relics of slightly earlier date than the coming of the Romans, but still assignable to the Iron Age, are found at a depth of a dozen feet or more in the "made earth" of the City; but if we strive to trace the story further by the help of mattock and spade we are practically at a standstill. Any traces of supposed early hut dwellings are too precarious to be relied upon. It is here that the Thames comes to our aid in filling the gap. The river bed holds in its keeping a queer medley of objects—the ballast that fell into the stream yesterday, the teeth of domestic animals, a Caroline flagon, a mediæval bone skate, a bit of Roman statuary or a primitive lamp, decaying piles from ancient dwellings, celts and daggers of the Bronze Age, and Neolithic chisels, axes, and hammers. What the metropolitan soil refuses to tell is revealed by the dredge.

The implements of the Bronze and Neolithic periods exhibited in the main building speak, perchance, of fighting at the fords near the modern City bridges, at Chelsea, Battersea, or Wandsworth Creek. The collection yields evidence, too, in the form of bronze axes and flint knives, of peaceful husbandmen and skilful toolwrights in the far-away past. A dug-out canoe from Mortlake, exhibited in the Annexe, illustrates how the fisher plied his craft.

Still we go backwards in time. In the gravel terraces of the London basin—as at Kensington, or Clapham, or Stoke Newington—the labourer often lights upon ochreous implements of the Palæolithic or older Stone Age; here an ovoid cutting tool, there a pear-shaped "knuckle-duster," yonder a portion of a mammoth's tooth. What has the Thames had to do with these discoveries? Everything: for these gravelly patches, which, ranging in height from ten feet to a hundred feet, and rising, one above the other, ring beyond ring, from Highbury on the north to Streatham on the south, are indubitably ancient shoals built up by ancestors of the present Thames at intervals going back to the closing events of the Great Ice Age. The gravels thus preserve vestiges of man's occupation and furnish us with a rough chronology of prehistoric London.

Mr. Stanley Paul announces that he has acquired the business of Messrs. Greening and Co., Ltd., who are well known as publishers of fiction. The firm of Greening and Co. will be continued under its own name, and, as there are some 800 titles on its list, Mr. Stanley Paul, who will conduct both businesses from his offices in Essex Street, will by this arrangement control the management of upwards of 1,300 current books. It may be expected that under the guidance of Mr. Stanley Paul the scope of Messrs. Greening's business will be enlarged until it can be run on the same lines as his original firm. Mr. Paul intends to add a large number of more serious volumes to balance the fiction library in the list, and among the first books are announced a series of "Memoirs of Secret History" concerning the French Revolution, the "Recollections of an Officer in Napoleon's Army," and a volume on Madame de Pompadour in the Court Series of French Memoirs.

REVIEWS

India from a Missionary's Point of View.

India and the Indians. By EDWARD F. ELWIN.
Illustrated. (John Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

ADMIRERS of the work of F. W. Bain and the late Sister Nivedita are not likely to give Mr. Edward Elwin's volume a very hearty welcome, for these often too querulous pages are not concerned with the mystery, glamour, and poetry of India, but rather with the Hindu in his religious and social life, treated with a touch of humour, much intolerance, and no distinction in style. "The Web of Indian Life" was threaded with literary jewels, but the book before us reflects a thorny, theological path wending its way amid scenes of Indian life.

Mr. Elwin sets Christianity upon a pedestal, and depicts Hinduism grovelling at its feet. He indulges in no religious compromise, and rebukes those easy-going people who would fain prove that Christ and Krishna are brothers and that Christianity evolved from Hinduism. He would probably regard with scorn the excellent work of the Bahai movement and all those tolerant souls whose one aim is to present the great fundamental truths of all religions in one common faith. "Some dissenters," writes Mr. Elwin, "still baptise rashly, with scarcely any probation and less teaching, and some have drifted so far from gospel truth that they receive converts into their society without baptising them at all." This may seem very terrible from an orthodox missionary's point of view, but it is possible to labour over the letter of the law, and forget the spirit that is, after all, the main essential.

Mr. Elwin's remarks concerning Mrs. Sarojini Naidu's volume of poems, "The Golden Threshold," would surprise Mr. Edmund Gosse and Mr. Arthur Symonds, who have written introductions to her work. He writes: "While there is a distinct charm in the rhythm of her verses, their utter emptiness makes them of no real value." Now this emptiness is attributed to what the author calls the "barrenness of Hinduism," as if it were necessary for every poet, whether of the East or West, to introduce Christianity. Not content with applying the missionary outlook to poems that are exquisitely lyrical, he discusses her portrait by J. B. Yeats in a similar vein. He writes: "The expression is dull and lifeless. There is none of the light which shines out of the face of a Christian Indian. But there is at the same time an expression of wistful longing for that hidden treasure which Hinduism could not give her, even when purged of its defilements." If Mr. Elwin finds a lack of spiritual depth in the poetry of Mrs. Naidu, let him turn to the wonderful poems of Rabindranath Tagore. There he will find—if he will set his prejudice aside—a Hindu

poet who has expressed religion with a force and sweetness that has never been surpassed. But Tagore's church is his home, the highway, the valley, the sea, everywhere where he can feel the nearness of his Master. There is no altar, no cross, no sacraments, nothing that suggests the ecclesiastical in his poetry; but, nevertheless, it quickens and thrills the soul.

Fortunately Mr. Elwin does not confine the whole of his attention to finding fault with the religious shortcomings of the Hindu. He touches upon Indian life at many points, and we have found this phase of the book decidedly interesting. He writes:—

How much dress has to do with the appearance of an Indian was brought home to me one day, when a magnificent-looking Indian entered the carriage in which I was sitting, at a station near Bombay. He had on a tall blue turban, dark blue tunic, with leathern belt, loose knickerbockers, and putties. His clothes were put on with extreme neatness; they were as spotless as those of a London policeman, and the brass numbers and letters polished to the highest degree. I was astonished to see this magnificent fellow rapidly divest himself of all his clothing—turban, tunic, knickerbockers, putties—there would have been nothing left, except that a Hindu wears beneath his uniform the meagre garments which suffice for everyday life, so that when he got rid of everything which appertained to him as a policeman he was still fit to go into Indian society. . . . The effect of the removal of the policeman's uniform was startling. He was evidently going off duty, because he handed all his discarded belongings to a friend on the platform, and he was only using my carriage as a dressing-room.

We know what it is in England to be in a train that meanders along the line so slowly that we either want to assist the stoker or else violently push against the rear carriage. The Indian railway official regards time as eternity. The author writes:—

I remember an express having to wait more than ten minutes near a wretched little country station in the early morning, the driver whistling frantically before the slumbering master, who was the only station official, could be roused to lower the signal. When at last the train moved slowly past the station I saw this Indian official in the process of being withered up by the scorching language.

"If the teachers of Christianity," writes Mr. Elwin, getting back to his principal subject again, "share in the social gatherings of educated Indians with the politeness and cordiality which such occasions demand, it may foster the impression that unbelief and idolatry are no real barriers to the mutual unity of the heart, and that one religion is as good as another." Nothing is gained, and much is lost, by religious snobbery. Too often the Christian missionary in foreign countries has thundered forth the way of salvation with more vehemence than subtle persuasion. Christianity does not prosper exclusively under the British flag. There is more than one gate to Heaven, and even the "heathen Hindu" will find a very good place there.

Two Books on Psychology

An Introduction to Psychology. By WILHELM WUNDT. Translated from the Second German Edition by RUDOLF PINTNER, M.A. (George Allen and Co. 3s. 6d.)

Psychology: A New System based on the Study of the Fundamental Processes of the Human Mind. By ARTHUR LYNCH, M.A. Two vols. (Stephen Swift and Co. 21s. net.)

DR. WUNDT'S idea of an "Introduction" strikes one as peculiar. The book before us appears rather a summary of results already obtained, than a serviceable help for the neophyte in approaching the physiological system of psychology. The first chapter plunges us at once into the mysteries of the metronome, an instrument the use of which is only comprehensible by those who have already mastered the details of Wundt's experimental system. A far better Introduction to the system for English readers can be found in Titchener and Creighton's translation of the semi-popular "Lectures," which are at least explanatory and take nothing for granted. Acutest observation of animal and human psychological emotions, as prompted by externals, is displayed in that book; but it seems to fail precisely where the one we are considering does, viz., in the explanation of purely mental phenomena, where no sense-stimuli, as Dr. Wundt calls them, can possibly be suspected. No one can pretend that his discussion of dreams, of somnambulism, or of hypnotism for that matter, is convincing, because here the explanation from externals fails him. Further he takes no account—his system forbids him to do so—of the much abused personal equation; for mental disposition forms no part of his theory. For example (p. 106), after prefacing—what seems an irrelevant remark—"The feeling differs if we recognise an old friend and if we recognise a district through which we have once wandered long ago," he says, "it is by no means the same when we meet our friend Mr. X, and when we meet Mr. Y, whom we did not wish to see again." The instance of the remembered country is irrelevant, because the personal equation there is absent; in the case of the two men it is present, but Dr. Wundt will not have it so. "Just as much as the objects themselves differ, so do the so-called qualities of familiarity diverge from each other.

From this we must conclude that these qualities are integral parts of the objects, naturally not of their objective nature, but of their effect upon us, or more precisely speaking, of our apperception." Then why does X, with precisely the same qualities, met under precisely the same circumstances by Y and Z, whom, to clear the ground, we will suppose he has never met before, produce in one a feeling of liking, in the other a feeling of intense dislike? Dr. Wundt really lands himself in that materialism which he repeatedly disclaims; so long as he is concerned with the *nous*, with the mind as lodged in the brain, he is perfectly lucid and sound in his reasonings; indeed, often extraordinarily acute in his analysis, but when he comes to what Mr. Lynch calls the Fundamental

Processes, his way is blocked. He has no interpretation for them. He can chronicle the effects for example of the Association of Ideas, and does so admirably; but what that Association springs from he never really explains. For his quantitative analysis and the remarkable conclusions which he arrives at by its means, the student had better refer to the latter chapters of the "Lectures." Mr. Pintner's translation is lucid and readable; the defects of arrangement are not his, but the author's.

Dr. Lynch's book is to a certain extent the antithesis of Wundt's. That his is a new system altogether is hardly true; its novelty consists in its insistence on the points which the physiologico-psychologists are bound to ignore, viz., the Fundamental Processes or non-analysable operation of mind and train, when unaffected by "sense-stimuli." Hence the Personal Equation and the doctrine of heredity play an important part in his system—both neglected by the school of Wundt. Of the degree to which the first enters as an element, not only into our emotions, but into our perceptions, he gives the extraordinary instance of Maskelyne, once Astronomer Royal, and his assistant; the latter's observations constantly differed from his chief's, and he was dismissed for carelessness.

It was simply a case of difference of perception, absolutely subjective. The variation of *time* in perception in different subjects is but a small matter in comparison with this. As to the second point, that of heredity, the case of Helen Keller, born deaf, blind and dumb, and yet extraordinarily endowed with mental faculties, is strong indeed, as against those supporters of pure physiological psychology who tacitly assume the *tabula rasa* of Locke, whose general philosophy they disdain.

We have not space to follow Mr. Lynch in his most interesting analysis of the perception of mathematical truths, but on his experiments in the matter of Memory—one of his Fundamental Processes—we may make one remark. Here he seems to take too little account of external stimuli. He remembers after many years certain portions of Milton's "L'Allegro"; he attributes the remembrance of these and these only to the quality—the "tonicity," to use his own word—of the verse itself, as affecting a certain portion of the brain. But how many times in the interval of years had he heard or seen quoted the lines which he particularly remembers: e.g., "On the light fantastic toe"? That all the times were graven on his brain, and that external stimuli aroused some and left the rest dormant, is surely not an impossible explanation.

His criticism of Fechner's "Law," which is really an empirical conjecture, and no "law" at all, is good. Fechner assumed the use of one sense only at a time; now, after a certain point of external stimulus has been reached, other senses or quasi-senses are called into play. A light weight held in the hand will produce a certain amount of pure excitement of one sense; a heavier weight a larger amount of the same pure sensation. So far, so good; proportional effects are produced. But

a very heavy weight placed on the hand will call up the senses of effort and even of pain. This is a popular way of putting a truth; but it is really only a presentation of Mr. Lynch's most lucid argument against the "Law." We cannot obtain pure conditions for the test of it; and this he exemplifies by the instances of the setting sun and the rising moon, which appear larger to us because of surrounding conditions, which may be called impure.

Mr. Lynch's book has its justification; it adduces facts and conclusions which psychology has no right to ignore. Whether his somewhat racy, colonial style is to be regarded as a defect or a merit, may be a matter of question. The burial of Sir Henry Irving in Westminster Abbey and of Zola in the Pantheon may seem a matter remote from psychology, but it brightens an abstruse subject.

A Cabinet of Miniatures

Half-Lengths. By the RIGHT HON. GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL. (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.)

THERE are some books you cannot review, and although the editor has sent us this one for the purpose, we are going to risk his august displeasure and not try. It is above criticism. The title is taken from Horace Walpole: "The figures are less than life and about half-length."

It consists, in the main, of reviews of other books; and how can you review reviews? On the big flea principle, this might go on *ad infinitum*. Suffice it to say, it is by George Russell, and George Russell at his best; a book for a rainy Sunday afternoon, when one prefers the arm-chair and a pipe before the fire, or perhaps for Parliamentarians on a dull day in supply when divisions are infrequent, and you can secure the arm-chair that fits you in the last of the stately rooms which forms the library of the House of Commons.

George Russell is one of the most interesting men we have met; and we believe we have read most of his writings in book form and enjoyed them. A distinguished cadet of the great house of Russell, an aristocrat to his finger-tips, yet he is a philosophical Radical and a strong High Churchman who believes in Disestablishment. As a member of Parliament he has held office at the Local Government Board, India, and the Home Office, and for some time was an Alderman of the L.C.C. Whilst anxious to serve his country in public affairs, he has somehow just missed being a Statesman or having sufficient force of character to impinge his personality on the public; perhaps his mind is too judicial—he sees both sides of every question, and, above all, has a fatal gift of humour and a little mild malice, which flavours his writings like caper sauce.

It is an amiable failing of his to pretend to be a very old man, and he writes of any event which has occurred

within
critici
Macar
and w
way
They
views

Mr.
plies
right
have
to Ch
more
to dea
and v
from

His
of New
so muc
think,
travag
Englan
are ske
which
Newma
althoug
Mr. Ru

His
Whigs,
of Dev
of the
ing tha
He wil
be able

His
charact
the bo
great m
of a ver
as we s
The lat
at differ
occasion
and it i
time an
Oxford
one on
article
conclud

It wo
honeym
and tal
believe
commen
ful writ

within the last 100 years as a contemporary. But we are criticising the man when we ought to notice the book. Macaulay reviewed ponderous tomes which nobody read and which few of us would have heard of but for the way he explained how he would have written them. They were not criticisms so much as pemmicanised reviews mixed with a strong flavouring of his own.

Mr. Russell follows the same plan in this book, supplies us with ideas for conversation, and puts our views right in a hundred delightful ways where our opinions have been, to say the least, vague. We think the sub-title to Chapter V, "A Cabinet of Miniatures," would have more fittingly described the whole book. It is impossible to deal with all the portraits he paints. They are many and varied, ranging from Newman to "Labby," and from Adelaide Proctor to Joseph Hume.

His first chapter deals with a contrast in the characters of Newman and Manning, whose verting to Rome caused so much sensation in early Victorian days. Disraeli, we think, speaking of Newman's going over, said rather extravagantly, 'it was a blow "from which the Church of England was still (1870) reeling." The two characters are sketched with masterly care, although it is plain with which the sympathy of the author lies. Somebody said Newman was everything that Manning was not, and although this is a hard saying it has much truth in it, and Mr. Russell shows it most clearly.

His second chapter is entitled "The Last of the Whigs," and gives a vivid description of the late Duke of Devonshire; but it is a mistake to call him the last of the Whigs. We shall one day write an article showing that George Russell is really the last of the Whigs. He will pretend to be indignant, but we think we shall be able to convince him against his will.

His essay on Lord Coleridge throws sidelights on the character of this legal luminary which do not appear in the book he is reviewing, and which must be fresh to a great many. This is followed by a light crayon sketch of a very different character—"Labby." The next chapter, as we said, deals with miniatures, and all are enjoyable. The later chapters are reprints of various articles written at different times for different papers and magazines. He occasionally repeats himself, but all are most readable, and it is one of those books which one can pick up at any time and read over again. There is a chapter devoted to Oxford which will please her sons, but we doubt if the one on Cambridge will please the cousins. His last article is about his connection with the Press, and he concludes with an appropriate verse:—

And when I may no longer live
They'll say, who know the truth,
He gave—whate'er he had to give—
To Freedom and to Youth.

It would be an excellent wedding present for the honeymoon journey. You could take it up at intervals and talk about it when conversation gets thin, as we believe it often does on these occasions. Indeed, we commend the volume to everyone who loves easy graceful writing with a good deal of information thrown in.

Sir Frederick Treves in Palestine

The Land that is Desolate: An Account of a Tour in Palestine. By SIR FREDERICK TREVES, Bart., G.C.V.O., C.B. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder, and Co. 9s. net.)

SIR FREDERICK TREVES went to Palestine frankly as a tourist, and it is as such that he recounts his experiences. He has no problems to solve, nor does he attempt to solve any. He has no theories to test, no special object of study. His outlook is always that of the mere man-in-the-street, but the intelligent man. To students of Biblical Archæology or of the politics of the Near East, this book will therefore have little, if any, appeal; but the far larger public who are interested in modern Palestine merely as Palestine, and as nothing else, will afford it the heartiest of welcomes. For them it is the best book on the subject which has been published for many years. The author delves into none of the problems of the Near East; but, on the other hand, he does not go out of his way to avoid them. Thus, for instance, he gives support to the views of all who know anything about Biblical Archæology in their doubt as to the authenticity of most of the favourite sites. On the other hand, he pays a tribute to what he describes as "the most living thing in Jerusalem," "the spectacle provided at the Jews' Wailing Place." "It is a spectacle dramatic and affecting. It expresses in one slight but vivid tableau a calamitous episode in the history of the city. It serves to keep in remembrance the great sorrow of a nation. It signifies the aspiration of a people—if not materially, at least by sentiment and symbol."

On the whole, the author, like so many who have preceded him on the same road, was affected by the changelessness of the East. This is especially so when he is away from the towns. The European visitor, conversant with his Bible, finds in its words a new meaning as he watches the daughters of the land drawing water from the wells, or a file of camels marching slowly and philosophically past. His heart glows as he notices a shepherd leading his flock, and in a moment his mind goes back to the story of Jacob and Laban as he remarks the unexpectedly large proportion of parti-coloured members of the flocks. In the words of another recent writer on Palestine (Mrs. M. M. Holbach in "Bible Ways in Bible Lands") "Bible language flowed to my lips to express the common scenes of everyday life. No other language seemed to fit the picture!" Sir Frederick Treves' chapter on the beggars and begging in Jerusalem is one of the best examples the book contains of his own particular art. At the first reading it amuses and delights so that the reader feels that if the book contained nothing else it would well repay perusal by one in need of light and amusing reading of a not unintelligent description. When the author's words have begun to permeate his mind the reader will find his delight undiminished, but he will find behind the cynicism, the satire, and the humour something calling for deeper thought, a sidelight on the economic condition

of the country. Sir Frederick is, however, such a master of his pen that this new aspect will in no degree detract from the attractiveness of the others.

The new revival, as illustrated in the modern Jewish agricultural colonies, lies outside the track which Sir Frederick planned out for himself. He could not, therefore, be expected to have made its acquaintance. If he had he would probably have been led to revise some of the general views which he has adopted. Perhaps also a visit during the least pleasant season of the year is a sufficient explanation of an occasional lack of appreciation of the attractions of the country. The next time that Sir Frederick visits Palestine he should choose spring. He will then, undoubtedly feel a desire to reconsider some of his opinions.

With regard to the illustrations one may say that the author is as great a master of the camera as he is of the pen and of the scalpel.

Religions Theories of the Nineteenth Century

An Outline of the History of Christian Thought since Kant. By EDWARD CALDWELL MOORE. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

PERHAPS the most valuable part of Professor Moore's valuable little book is that which is belied by its title. It is in the delineation of the theories of Kant's predecessors and of Kant himself that he is most successful. For the nearer we get to our own times the more apt we are to misconstrue and to misunderstand. We read into the utterances of men nearly our contemporaries our own ideas; and ideas develop quickly in these days. People attribute to Browning and Carlyle theories of religion which are the growth of the last ten years or so. And as to the question of influence on thought, fifty or even a hundred years are too little to permit us to form a sane judgment. Who within thirty years of Hegel's death would have pronounced his system a failure? Yet now after thrice that period such failure must be recognised. We have hardly yet gauged the real influence of Martin Luther; it is certainly too early to pronounce that of William James or even of John Henry Newman.

Dr. Moore sets out to trace in his book the origins of (practically) nineteenth century Christian thought, under three heads: the severance of religion from metaphysics, the literary and critical development of theology, and lastly, the scientific extension of knowledge and its relation to religion. His treatment of the first period is excellent. He perhaps overrates the English Deists; certainly his admiration for the men of rank who professed themselves such is undeserved. Has he never read the lines

Hell's a fable, such as poets sing,
But how delightful if there's no such thing!

But his exposure of the childish "rationalism" of the eighteenth century is complete. Its methods may be estimated from its explanation of the miracle of turning water into wine: Jesus took the wine with Him in order to play a practical joke! If this be rationalism, who would be rational?

But in Professor Moore's analysis of the doctrines of Kant we have one of the most lucid expositions we have yet met with. Regarding the *Reine Vernunft* and the *Praktische Vernunft* as coherent parts of a system, he at least disposes of Heine's scoffing remark that Kant wrote the first for thinking men and the second for the servant who carried his umbrella. He demonstrates, and in our opinion clearly, that in both works Kant recognises an experimental basis of Faith. He relegates Faith no doubt to a "transcendental world," but in spite of his insistence on "pure reason" he does acknowledge that "the world of religious belief is the world of transcendental reality." The spirit of man, which is not pure reason only, but moral will as well, recognises itself as part of that reality. In other words, Kant confessed that there was in the Practical Reason something outside Pure Reason, which "ventures the credence that moral worth is the supreme worth in life." Apart from Kant's absolute ignoring of the theory of heredity, with its corollaries, Dr. Moore points out one fault as to the Practical Reason; the author takes no account of habitual practice as forming a moral element of human nature; whereas "one of the great facts of spiritual experience is the gradual or even sudden inversion of standards within us. We do really cease to desire the things which are against right, reason and conscience. We come to desire the good, even if it shall cost us pain and sacrifice to do it. . . . *Das Radikale Böse* of human nature is less radical than Kant supposed, and the categorical imperative of duty less externally categorical than he alleged" (p. 49). Is it not William James who speaks? To put it plainly, Kant takes no account of conscience, which he would have classed with those "innate ideas" which had been the fetish of an earlier school of thought.

Of the epigoni of Kant—Fichte, Schelling, Hegel—Dr. Moore makes short work. Their influence was but ephemeral—even Hegel's. On Schleiermacher he dwells at greater length, as on one who exercised a lasting influence on modern theology. This may be true of America, the home of fancy religions, but all attempts to popularise a writer who conceived that religion was not conduct as Kant stated it, nor thought as Hegel fancied it, but feeling pure and simple, have failed in England. Pantheist and mystic, Schleiermacher's denial, on sentimental grounds, of the personality of God, and his reduction of the idea of salvation to something like the "conversion" preached by the enthusiastic sects, will always prevent him from influencing religious thought in this country. Ritschl, with his strong insistence on the truth of the historic Christ, is far more popular; partly, it must be owned, on account of his recognition, not indeed of socialism, but of some of the truths which underlie socialism. Salvation in his view is achieved "not in order

to become a citizen of heaven by and by, but to be an active citizen of a kingdom of real human goodness here and now" (p. 94).

The section on the history of literary criticism of the Old and New Testaments is excellently written, but is hardly up to date. Dr. Moore does not appear to know Schweitzer's work on "Paul and his interpreters," and he says nothing of the monstrous development of the Tübingen theory which denies the authenticity of all the Pauline epistles, and leaves the question whether there ever was a Jesus or a Paul an open one. His appreciation of Harnack's monumental work is fully deserved; that that writer has proved up to the hilt the Hellenisation of the church and its consequent departure from what we know of "Primitive Christianity" is true enough; but the one defect of this great book is that it does not begin early enough; that it says too little that is well grounded about the beliefs and doctrines which prevailed immediately after the departure of Christ. As to this "Primitive Christianity" we can hardly go with Professor Moore when, after saying (p. 148) that "the same simple soul thanked God for Jesus with his sorrows and his sympathy as man's guide and helper, and again prayed to Jesus because he seemed too wonderful to be a man," he hints that the need of the solution of this difficulty suggested the idea of the Trinity.

In treating of the modern relations of science to theology, and of the position of modern thinkers, the book is least satisfactory; partly from the causes above alluded to; partly because the record is often that of unreligious or even anti-religious thought. In speaking of American writers the author assumes too much acquaintance on our part with the religious controversies of his own country, and his estimates of contemporaries are too indiscriminately appreciative. These are, however, but small faults in a lucid, interesting, and on the whole thorough, manual of the history of religious thought during a period of exceptional development.

Shorter Reviews

King René d'Anjou and his Seven Queens. By EDGCUMBE STALEY. Illustrated. (John Long. 12s. 6d. net.)

THERE is no doubt that René, King of Jerusalem, the Two Sicilies, Aragon, Valencia, Majorca, Sardinia, and Corsica; Duke of Anjou, Barrois, and Lorraine; Count of Provence, Forcalquier, and Piemont; Prince of Gerona, Duke of Calabria, Lord of Genoa, Count of Guise, Maine, Chailly, and Longjumeau, and Marquis of Pont-à-Mousson, was, as his titles would imply, an extremely wonderful personage. His taste for the acquisition of wives was almost as pronounced as his taste for the acquisition of high-sounding titles, for, if Mr. Staley is to be believed, he was the happy spouse of at least seven ladies, and, like his predecessor, Solo-

mon, he appears even then not wholly to have exhausted his conjugal affections. Mr. Staley's work is characterised by a serious lack of care and finish. In the very first page of the preface, the author, whilst actually seeking to justify the title of his book, talks of two of the wives of René as being "at all familiar" to the English public—namely, Marguerite d'Anjou and Jeanne d'Arc; he then goes on to introduce the remaining "five" to us, but gives a list of six, including one of the two already mentioned, and altogether omitting Marie d'Anjou. There is no need to go further in specifying the glaring mixtures of fact and imagination, positive misstatements, and more or less serious inaccuracies with which the book is filled. What we do wish to protest against is the way in which the writers of such works as this attempt to foist upon their readers bizarre medleys of fiction and legend as serious historical studies. From the manner in which Jeanne d'Arc is described as "laying a trembling hand" upon the arm of René, and looking up "innocently but intently with her great brown eyes into his open, truthful face," one would be led to believe that Mr. Staley was an eyewitness of the scene. Similarly one would scarcely imagine from the highly coloured account of the doings of Marguerite d'Anjou at the Battle of Wakefield that the historical probabilities are that the Queen was never anywhere near the battlefield. And Mr. Staley was surely, in common honesty, bound to disclose the fact that his detailed account of the literary and artistic productions of King René is founded more upon conjecture, hearsay, and imagination than upon anything in the nature of sober and indubitable fact. And, finally, why in the name of wonder should all the make-believe puppets who are paraded in these pages be made to speak the language of strolling melodramatists?

The Oxford Book of Latin Verse. Chosen by H. W. GARROD. (Henry Frowde. 6s. net.)

MR. GARROD is to be congratulated upon the production of an excellent anthology. To those who, like the present writer, oppressed by professional cares, have but small leisure for a study of the ancient classical authors, such a little volume as the one now before us affords opportunities not otherwise available. For the sad truth is that when a man has graduated at a university and entered a legal profession he becomes increasingly loth, as the years go on, to spend his spare moments in a continuous perusal of, say, Martial or Ovid or Ausonius. Upon the other hand, few things are more pleasant than to dip into such a volume as this and read a piece here and a piece there, untrammelled by the angry frown of punctilious pedagogues and undismayed by the prospect of impending "schools," *dstrictus ensis cui super inopia cervice pendet*.

The introduction is a valuable contribution to the critical literature of the subject. Mr. Garrod has a good deal to say about the Roman and the Italian elements in Latin poetry. He talks of "the Roman, the

typical Roman," and tells us that this personage was what we call a "dull" man. But surely there never was a typical Roman. And, unless "Roman" be used in the merely topographical sense, it is to draw a somewhat meaningless distinction to say that the Italian, as opposed to the dull but typical Roman, had "the fire—the deep and keen fire of mind, the quick glow of sensibility which redeems literature and life from dullness." If one thing more than another was characteristic of Rome it was the power of absorption. The mere fact of being born within or without the walls of Rome was wholly unessential from the literary point of view. The literary genius of Italy gravitated towards the capital more than ever did the literary genius of England towards London, and what Rome thus attracted towards her she made part of herself. Mr. Garrod himself admits that "indeed, the Italian and the Roman elements are never so separate or so disparate in actuality as they appear in literary analysis." We go further, and say that the two elements are fused and inseparable, and that it is only by postulating an hypothetical Roman temperament which in fact never existed that any such literary analysis as that of Mr. Garrod is possible. Tennyson hit the mark when he addressed Vergil, who was not a Roman in the strict sense of the word, as "Roman Vergil, thou who singest Ilium's lofty temples robed in fire"; for the spirit of Vergil's *Æneid* is the very living, breathing spirit of Imperial Rome. With the above single exception we have no fault to find with Mr. Garrod's masterly and stimulating introduction. The book contains a number of more or less well-known translations and imitations and a valuable note upon the Saturnian metre.

Fiction

Sanna of the Island Town. By MARY E. WALLER.
(Andrew Melrose. 6s.)

THE talented authoress of "Flamsted Quarries" and other books, has written another very interesting study of American life, the *locale* this time being an island in the Atlantic, about sixty miles from the coast, very small and naturally isolated, but a little world of its own.

In gratitude for rescue from shipwreck by the inhabitants of "Dukes," the French Marquis Beauchamp endowed a school, to be called by his name, with five thousand livres, in which he exacted the teaching of the French language. There was great difficulty in finding a suitable master for the purpose; but during the travels abroad of one of the members of the governing family, the latter became acquainted with a Guernsey man, Peter Frankham. Eventually Frankham accepts an invitation to the island, and becomes its schoolmaster. A dense mystery surrounds his birth and parentage; his earliest recollections are of Singapore and a Creole nurse, and later of a good Guernsey

woman who mothered him. From the time of his stepping ashore at "Dukes," he has a premonition that in this island the mystery would be solved.

His love for the unconventional Sanna, the island's prettiest girl and general favourite, has its ups and downs. His recognition by his mother is pathetic and tragic. She is a weak, loving woman—weak in her strength and strong in her weakness—who has known no peace, no night of restful sleep, no day of glad awakening, not one true joy for twenty-eight years. This has a great effect in altering the whole outlook of Frankham's life.

The people of the island are unsophisticated; and a tale of forty years' love, between a cobbler, who had been a whaler, and Miss Ploomie Snow, which eventually ends in marriage, is told in a delightfully natural way. The book is altogether fresh and uncommon, and the interest continues to increase until the end.

A Slice of Life. By ROBERT HALIFAX. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

"A SLICE OF LIFE" is very near the bottom of the loaf, and, apart from the character of the old man Donno, has not much to recommend it. It deals with the East End and its ways, its slum owners and such like folk, and with the mad infatuation of a curate (Mr. Donodhu) for a girl. Some scenes in his love affairs border on the ridiculous. It may be very true to life, and as such is valuable. The author has apparently made a study of a class not much written about hitherto. We notice that authors are choosing weird names for their characters nowadays, especially where such characters are not in the highest ranks of society.

Private Smith. By CAPTAIN OSWALD DALLAS. With a Foreword by LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL, K.C.B., K.C.V.O. (Herbert Jenkins. 6s.)

SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL writes in his foreword:—

If the nation knew more about their soldiers and took more interest in them and appreciated them at their proper worth instead of merely glorifying them in war and forgetting them in peace, there would not be so much need for conscription or other suggested methods for obtaining soldiers. This story should go far to remove false impressions.

Private Smith, of the Perthshire Highlanders, had been a subaltern in a crack cavalry regiment, who had sent in his papers in consequence of some heavy betting transactions at Punchestown. A brother-officer, his rival in love, had put him on a so-called certainty, and later spread a report that his resignation was due to money matters connected with his regimental duties.

The Army has too many attractions for Private Smith, and he starts to retrieve his fortunes, gets into disgrace as a private, visits a very low-down public-house—which we cannot understand his doing, except

as an author's necessity for part of his story—and goes out to the Boer War. What he does there is well told. The fighting, his comrades, all make very interesting reading, and "all's well that ends well," both in war and love.

There is nothing in the book, although written so long after the event, to wound the susceptibilities of either side, and this the author is to be congratulated on. The appreciation of a fine soldier in the foreword is a guarantee that from a soldier's point of view it is true to life.

Aspects of Ireland: During the Tudors

ONLY in a limited sense can it be said that the beginnings of modern Ireland* lay during the reigns of the Tudors. In that limited sense the claim is just, although it disregards altogether the fact that a greater part of the problem of modern Ireland dates back to something much anterior. Yet it is true in this way: that the problems that exist to-day would probably never have arisen had it not been for the pertinacity with which the Tudors sought to blot out the national existence. A survey of Ireland during the reign of the eighth Henry reveals a state of affairs that is particularly interesting in view of the policy that was immediately to ensue. The Norman invasion had left its mark on the country; but, in face of the result, it could only have been called an invasion, certainly not a conquest. The Normans had come into the country, and had been drawn by the country into itself. The Geraldines in Munster, the Burgos in Connacht, were the leading settlers directly dating from the Norman invasion; there were also the Butlers, the Ormonds, the Savages, the Mandevilles, and others, as a result of that invasion. But they were all "more Irish than the Irish themselves." Some of the families, indeed, had taken Irish names. The Burgos, for example, publicly renounced their English surnames and took the name of MacWilliam. Similarly the Prendergasts became the MacMaurices, the Berminghams the MacFerrises, and the Dexters the MacJordans. The Statute of Kilkenny had endeavoured to stop this; it forbade the settlers to gossip or foster with the Irish, to speak the Gaelic, ride a horse bareback, wear a moustache, or play at hurlings, quoitings, or handball, under penalty of imprisonment and forfeiture. In the words of a writer in the time of Henry VIII, who wished to see it put again into execution, the Statute was good "for the extingishing of amytye between the Englishry and Irishry." Yet it had failed. The amity had continued. The settlers had so intermarried and fostered with the Irish that there was little other than Irish in their blood, and when they were summoned to a Parliament at Dublin on one occasion the proceedings had to be translated into the Gaelic for them.

Part of this Mr. Wilson mentions, though we do not

think he has made his survey wide enough. The whole significance of the Tudor rule lies just in this: Not only was the Pale thrust back to a small area round the city of Dublin, but the rest of Ireland had risen to achieve a considerable success in the arts, in the crafts and in trade. The new English industries, chiefly in wools and in linens, were being baffled in England itself, not to speak of Flanders and the Netherlands. Irish trade extended widely, as we have seen in an earlier paper, reaching to the Levant and the Canaries. As Strafford complained at a later time, in one of his letters concerning Irish government, "It might be feared they would beat us out of the trade itself by underselling us, which they were well able to do." The close tissue of the tribal system over the country repelled the invaders, drew settlers into its polity, and, together with the towns, most of which had close corporations, with an elected king like the tribes, had built up a national prosperity that turned back and beat the neighbouring island out of its own markets.

Mr. Wilson, it seems to us, in missing the greater part of this (that we have been able only roughly to sketch) misses with it the chief significance of what was to follow. He devotes a chapter, for example, to tracing in great detail "The Geraldine Revolt." It is full of learning, and in attributing the differences between the great Kildare's two appearances at Court to the wound he received in besieging O'Carroll's castle, he gives one of those touches that bring history near to us. But he tells it as a thing apart; he fails to make it fit into the general canvas. It is, of course, woven in with a general sequence in the separate national histories of Ireland and England. The Desmonds were probably the stoutest defenders of Irish crafts and trade against the penalties and prohibitions that seemed to prophesy, as they certainly intended, their extinction; and the same, in a lesser degree, might be said for their kinsman, Kildare. That was one of the causes of the continual Court intrigue against them. It is too complex a matter to do more than merely suggest in such an article as this. In fact, its proper place was in just such an historical essay as Mr. Wilson's. Nothing can exceed the care with which he outlines the actual operations, but in the meantime we have lost their significance. It could well be pleaded that such an extended examination would destroy the proportions of his book. To that there are several answers. An incidental reply is that he has already filled it with details that are scarcely necessary, however useful they might be to the student; such as many lists of the names of the chiefs who took part in the various campaigns, or came in turn to profess their submission to Henry VIII on learning his good intentions. But the main reply is that such facts are necessary to any kind of intelligent interest in the period, and the more so since Mr. Wilson has given his book a title that leads one to expect an ordered thesis.

So far as one may judge Henry VIII's intentions, they were, at least at first, not vindictive. As Mr. Wilson says, so long as he might freely be recognised as the civil and ecclesiastical "Lord of Ireland," and raise, in tributes, sufficient moneys from the Irish chiefs

* *The Beginnings of Modern Ireland.* By PHILLIP WILSON. (Maunsel. 12s. 6d. net.)

The Quest.

A Quarterly Review. Edited by G. R. S. MEAD.
Price, 200 pp.: Single Copies, 2/6 net; 2/9 post free.
Annual Subscription, 11/- post free.

Vol. IV.	APRIL, 1913.	No. 3.
THE MOUNTAIN TOMB	William Butler Yeats.	
THE ESSENCE OF SUFISM	Reynold A. Nicholson, Litt. D.	
SONG OF THE BEECH TREE	S. E. Pearson.	
RUDOLF EUCKEN AND THE MYSTICS	Meyrick Booth, B.Sc., Ph.D.	
JACOB'S WRESTLING	E. E. Kellett, M.A.	
THE MYSTICAL PHILOSOPHY OF AN- CIENT CHINA	L. Cranmer-Blyng, B.A.	
PHILOSOPHY OF THE "AS IF"	The Editor.	
A POET OF DREAMLAND	M. F. Howard.	
THE MESSIANIC FISH MEAL OF THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH	Robert Eisler, Ph.D.	
FREEWILL AND OMNIPOTENCE	Harold Pictou, B.Sc.	
PERIODIC REST IN HELL	L. A. M. Pynsent.	
THE "MIGHT HAVE BEEN"	G. H. Powell.	
THE SACRIFICE	Algernon Blackwood.	
THE JONGLEUR OF POITOU	K. L. Montgomery.	
JOHN M. MARSHALL, 21, Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.		

to maintain his government, he would, so far as one may judge, have been satisfied. Mr. Wilson adds: "Lastly, he aimed at the complete assimilation of Ireland to England by the obliteration of all distinctively national characteristics." We do not think this was his intention at first; possibly because he did not at first conceive, whatever his local advisers may have told him, that the national characteristics were quite so distinct. Henry VIII was not quite what one would call a man of subtle intellect or understanding. And when that policy came later, it does not seem to have been at Henry's instigation, or even active interest, so much as by the local decision of his deputies. He, no doubt, had a quick interest in the suppression of Irish trade and industry; but that was rather the result of an interest in English trade than an active interest in Irish affairs. The steady and ruthless attempt to crush out national characteristics, and, if not to put the Statute of Kilkenny into effect, at least to enforce the spirit of it, was a matter that was prosecuted by the local deputies.

Yet, however it came, it was the opener of a policy whose logical conclusion lay in the plantations. The "tuathal" organisation was such, it made the country so closely woven and live a tissue, that prejudicial decrees and punitive expeditions were either ineffectual or of merely temporary importance. If any settlers were left as the result of such expeditions, they were soon drawn into the tribal life healthily and peacefully. Moreover, as Mr. Wilson points out, if a chief were removed and another appointed in his place, the result was that the nine-tenths who had not engaged in the war at once joined the one-tenth who had sustained it; and for a reason that the deputies were unable to understand. Such deputies regarded a chief's land as belonging to him, whereas it belonged to the tribe. They read their own system into a wholly different one. Even a chief's very mensal lands were only his by virtue of his chieftom; that passed from him if for any cause he was deprived of his chieftom. So that the whole tribe in rising unitedly against so arbitrary an action as his deposition by any other authority than itself, was only standing in defence of its proprietary. If, therefore, the desire was to supplant one system by another, to enforce one national polity in the place of another, the only thing to do was to sweep the people away to starve on the

hills while colonists were brought in to take their place. And that was finally resolved upon by Queen Mary.

It was thus what may loosely be called "the beginnings of modern Ireland" were inaugurated. They could not be termed a perfect beginning, but they were the beginning of a new order of things wherein the old memory survived, though in a bruised and battered form. Mr. Wilson gives many details of this, and he gives them as the result of much examination of State Papers and much careful erudition. But he fails to weave the facts into an ordinary narrative. He fails to trace just cause and effect. His book will be exceedingly valuable to students, but we do not think his desire was to serve so limited a purpose. And an orderly and careful narrative of the period is much needed.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

The Theatre

"The Yellow Jacket" at the Duke of York's Theatre

IN a season rich with new plays and happy revivals, no more engrossing and delightful production than this play by Mr. Hazelton and Mr. Benrimo has been seen. It is boldly original; not, perhaps, altogether Oriental, and certainly not Occidental in manner, but it is beautiful, alluring, and entirely successful. The way in which the English artists enter on their exotic experiment does the greatest credit to our stage; the completeness with which they keep within their unaccustomed characters is delightful to watch. The beauty of their dresses and the attractive simplicity and depth of feeling in the presentation all form part of the most welcome entertainment imaginable.

Society, which has been so extraordinarily responsive to the *bisarrerie* and beauty of the Russian ballets, will enjoy "The Yellow Jacket" at the Duke of York's Theatre with especial avidity. All the antique arts of the most gifted Eastern nation, the Chinese, are now so fully appreciated in Europe that the time has long since been ripe for us to see a Chinese play produced in the native manner. The beautiful "Turandot," greatly as we liked it, was far from being characteristic of the Middle Kingdom; "The Yellow Jacket" is much nearer the real thing, but it must be owned that it is the Chinese play elegantly adapted to Western tastes. The actual Chinese theatre contains too much meaningless noise, an excess of fighting, and too gross an inconsequence to fit in any way with Western standards. But in the present example the authors have cleverly caught the essential spirit of modern Chinese plays which follow to a great extent the rules of the drama produced under the ancient Mongols; they have captured the spirit, and they have given us the external details; but, at the same time, they have adjusted the whole play after a fashion much more pleasing to us than would have been a bald transfer of an original drama.

Each character tells you who he is and his intentions; but, so that all should be even more clear, the authors have provided a chorus played by Mr. Frederick Ross after a manner which makes a difficult part one of the most engaging in the whole play. He it is who smiles upon us from before the curtains, and tells us of his brothers of the Pear Tree Garden, the players, what he has done for them, and, later, when the whole thing appears to be a success, that he is the author. His blandness, his politeness, his suavity in announcing that the scene is now a palace or a garden or a wild mountain, for the actual scene is merely a decorated platform and does not change, are most winning and convincing. Mr. Ross's power of making much of the little that he has to do is a victory in itself, as is also the admirable work of Mr. Holman Clark as the property-man, who attends to his business on the stage with perfect sangfroid throughout the most harrowing scenes. He is, of course, supposed to be invisible, and, indeed, the audience is asked to exercise the art of supposition very fully and freely. But we have long been taught to do that by dramatists far less candid than the chorus which Mr. Ross represents with geniality and matured grace.

The story is mainly that of Wu Sin Yin (Mr. E. Henry Edwards) and his two wives and their two sons. Tso (Miss Peggy Hyland) is the wicked and charming maid to the second wife Du Jung Fah (Miss Dorothy Fane), and by her cruel arts she makes Wu, the Governor of the Province, believe that his gracious first wife has given him a child that is deformed. This leads to many adventures in which the first wife, very tenderly played by Miss Lena Burnleigh, goes to heaven and leaves her beautiful boy with his story written on his little jacket in her blood. This boy becomes the young hero of the Wu family, and after many delightful adventures takes the throne from his æsthetic and weak younger half-brother who is called Daffodil, a part played with great skill by Mr. George Relph. But the elaborate plot is hardly the thing that is of most importance. It is the curious ensemble and the admirable acting of Mr. Cowley Wright as the hero, and the delicacy and brightness of Miss Sheila Hayes as Moy Fah Loy, whom he loves, and of Miss Christine Silver, as the beautiful foster-mother of Wu, and the rest of the clever cast, that make the play so extremely attractive. Especial praise should be given to Mr. Hendrie, who plays two parts; firstly that of a person of great importance, and secondly that of the purveyor of hearts, with the utmost skill and conviction. But from the queer Spider of Mr. C. W. Standing to the many graceful ladies, all are good, all attractive and interesting in their very various ways.

It was no doubt a somewhat bold undertaking to place so fresh and unusual a play as "The Yellow Jacket" on the London stage, but it was an attempt worthy of some risk. We think that playgoers of every class here will be deeply indebted to Mr. Gaston Mayer for having produced this work of Mr. Hazelton and Mr. Benrimo, and that those gentlemen will be fully repaid for their artistic labour and enterprise.

"The Great Adventure" at the Kingsway Theatre

ONE of the main attractions of the management here is their delightful catholicity of taste. We always feel sure of enjoying whatever entertainment Miss Lillah McCarthy and Mr. Barker may offer. From Schnitzen's "Anatol" series to Masefield's "Nan" is as pleasant and as far a cry as from "Fanny's First Play" to Mr. Arnold Bennett's comedy in four acts. People who go to the theatre never read—unless they happen to write for several different pages of a paper—so that they will not be prejudiced by knowing that "The Great Adventure" is based on Mr. Bennett's most satirical, most witty, and, perhaps, most human novel, with the unfortunate title "Buried Alive." The phrase which Mr. Barrie's "Peter Pan" uses about death makes a far more attractive name for both book and play. But, sad to say, the fascination of the story, as Mr. Bennett first wrote it, is, in a way, buried alive in the stage play. The names are changed, the ages of the personages are altered, as well as much besides. Perhaps there is more verbal wit in the play, but the subtle personality of the writer seems hidden and his gay attractiveness grown dim. This is because Mr. Bennett is bold and free as the writer of fiction, but harassed by the conditions of the theatre. The play is, of course, full of delightful points and plenty of satiric fun and many fanciful and vivid characters; but we felt again and again the need of some such accomplished hand as—may one say?—that of Mr. Knoblauch to make "The Great Adventure" as technically satisfying as "Milestones."

As the famous, shy, and ironic painter, Ilam Carve, Mr. Henry Ainley played superbly. His appearance was at first a little too wild and woolly, but as he aged through the play he became very clear-cut and delightful. We believe in him; he is the great artist and the great, simple nature; it is a fine and difficult character splendidly played. His nervous anxiety about the death of the valet whom he allows to pass as the painter, his efforts to tell the truth of the matter, and his attempts to believe that it is best to retire from his imbroglia, with an English lady in Madrid, by this simple means of pretending to be dead, are admirably portrayed. So are, indeed, his perfect ease and his affectionate nature when he comes into the circle of Mrs. Janet Cannot's homely influence. The first act, which shows us Carve's disused house in London, where his valet dies and Mrs. Cannot appears; and the second, the private room at the Grand Babylon Hotel, in which he is nursed by his new friend; and the third, Janet's sitting-room at Werter Road, Putney, when they are married—all these are full of interest and crowded with lively human passages.

But there are also lapses into the inessential, such as the affair of the unconvincing Catholic Father Looe and his sister, and the huge, dull lapse of the last act. Such faults as these will soon be corrected; there is far too much amusement and humanity and fantasy

in "The Great Adventure" for it to be in any degree negligible. And then there is the character drawing and the fine acting. Miss Wish Wynne, who has gained our admiration long ago by her joyous and vivid studies of ill-tempered little girls or "difficult" young servants, here undertakes the immense task of making us believe in Mrs. Janet Cannot, who was about to interview Albert Shawn, the valet, in regard to marriage, and who is taken over by Carve, with the rest of the liabilities of his late servant. You must see her to know just how delightful, how pleasant, kind, and simple, yet clever, Miss Wynne makes this impersonation of quiet, acute, homely comfort and calm faith. This actress, whose style is so alert and so unforced, is a great addition to the more serious stage, and is one of the very few people at present before the public who could have given the ultimate touch of truth to the character of Janet Cannot. The management must be congratulated once more on so admirably fitting a comedian to her part. Almost all the cast is perfect. What could be better in its flamboyant way than Mr. A. G. Poulton as the pushing journalist Horning, with his remarkable belief in his "chief" and that gentleman's pack. Mr. Poulton is as lifelike as he appeared in "The New Sin," which is the highest praise we know. Mr. Twyman, who dies as Albert Shawn, the valet, in the first act, possesses the pleasant fault of looking far too young; but from the Jew picture-dealer of Mr. Clarence Derwent to the aristocrat of Mr. Dawson Milward or the disagreeable cousin Cyrus Carve of Mr. Guy Rathbone each and all depict their characters with perfect accomplishment.

We do not know how far a producer, such as Mr. Granville Barker, is entitled to make compact the play he deals with; but if he be free in this direction, we cannot forgive him for jeopardising so amusing and interesting a comedy by allowing the long and useless speeches of the fourth act and the general leisurely pace of the whole comedy, many scenes of which must be taken at top speed or become tedious. There is also one point in which Mr. Bennett, owing, perhaps, to a long visit abroad, is sadly astray. This is in regard to the lack of appreciation of art in England. His satire in this connection might have applied ten years ago; to-day it is absurdly *passé*, for our painters are recognised, at least by ourselves, as being far ahead of their European brothers, and there is no lack of honour in their own country for at least twelve of our finest artists. One would not notice such a small matter, except that Ilam Carve is made to insist upon the irony of the matter with tedious frequency. But, as a whole, the play is delightful and fresh, and will surely attract all interested in the affairs of the stage.

"Diplomacy" at Wyndham's Theatre

EVERYONE of importance connected with the theatre has made such bold and successful efforts during the last fifteen years to get away from the machine-made

play and approach life as it is, that we are rather astonished to find ourselves applauding Sardou's famous and old-fashioned "Dora" in modern dress. But the company at Wyndham's is so clever, the whole affair arranged with such admirable stage effect that the welcome for the new version of "Diplomacy" could not be withheld. Of course this careful and complete production of an obviously artificial and insincere comedy may be thought by some to retard the progress of the stage. But on the other hand it may well be valued in that it shows us once again just the sort of conventions the present-day writer for the theatre had best avoid. Sardou and his English collaborateurs, for apart from the original adaptors, Mr. Stephenson and Mr. Clement Scott, the play has been modernised and lightened by other hands, all these gentlemen have produced in "Diplomacy" the last word of plays constructed upon a system which implies that the audience will enter upon a sort of game of make-believe. There is plentiful development of incident, of course; but only the most elementary psychology is allowed.

If we may take it for granted that the glamour of the Bancrofts and the old Prince of Wales's of 1878 still envelops you, there is no doubt that the present revival will delight exceedingly. You will believe once more in the scent, the keys, the piece of paper; in the Count Orloff of Mr. Arthur Wontner, and the Beauclercs of Mr. du Maurier and Mr. Nares. In any case, you will be delighted by the Lady Henry Fairfax of Lady Tree, for the personality of the actress would galvanise a far less satisfactory puppet into life. And Miss Ellis Jeffreys is delightfully fresh as the wicked Zicka, and Mr. Norman Forbes is an amusing Baron Stein. Then there is the charming gaiety and youth of Mr. Donald Calthrop as Algernon Fairfax, and the beauty and intensity of Miss Gladys Cooper as the greatly tried Dora. From beginning to end the acting is everything you can ask in such a play; it is, in its way, as perfect as the machinery of the action, as satisfying as anything of the sort could possibly be in our day. As students of the stage of our own period we naturally prefer a new adventure, however doubtful, to the reproduction of an old and approved cliché, touched up and brightened, it is true. But we feel sure the public will think differently and will crowd to Wyndham's more than ever and that "Diplomacy" will once more enjoy a long and victorious run.

EGAN MEW.

Eugenics as a practical science is now recognised by sociologists as an important factor in race culture; and it is asserted that, if the pre-eminence of the British nation is to be maintained, this branch of study must receive more attention than has hitherto been given to it. In order to carry out the propaganda with greater effect, the Eugenic Club committee cordially invite the co-operation of ladies and gentlemen who are interested in eugenics and kindred subjects to communicate with the Secretary, 6, Hand Court, High Holborn, W.C.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

"I FEAR I shall be often at a loss. Is there anyone whom I could call to my aid to assist me with advice?" said John Evelyn Denison, when he was chosen to succeed Lord Eversley on April 30, 1857.

His predecessor answered: "No one. You must rely entirely on yourself." And Denison found this to be very true. "I spent the first few years of my Speakership like the captain of a Thames steamer, standing on the paddle-box, ever looking out for shocks and collisions. The House is always kind and indulgent, but it expects its Speaker to be right. If he should be found to be often tripping, his authority would be gone."

What were the facts on Wednesday afternoon, March 26? The Consolidated Fund Bill was down for the Committee stage. It is fair to state that, as a rule, the Bill goes through without trouble, and the Government Whips evidently expected this, because they put it on as a curtain-raiser to Winston's great speech on the Navy.

In these days no Minister can be properly reported after 7 p.m.; so, as his speech would take about three hours, you can see the Government did not expect any debate. On the other hand, the Radical Opposition in the past have debated the Bill in Committee, and once I think I remember eleven obstructive divisions.

It is idle to pretend that the Unionists were not engaged in a "snap" division. They had sent out an urgent whip, and men had turned up from all parts of the earth at great inconvenience. The Radicals were caught napping. They may have sent out an urgent whip; but, if so, a hundred men had run the risk, as they had done fifty times before, disobeyed (and nothing had happened). This time something did happen.

After questions, Whitley put the first clause. A few Ministerialists said "The Ayes have it," nonchalantly and in undertones. The Opposition, flushed with the certainty of victory, shouted a stentorian "No!" This was a fatal move. There is many a slip, and we were about to experience it now. "The Ayes have it," declared the Chairman, thus, we concluded, "completing the collection of the voices."

Up sprang Handel Booth. It was his duty to save the position if he could. I do not blame him in the least. He did what Banbury or James Hope or Watson Rutherford would have done for our side under similar circumstances. He played for time. Booth, on a point of order, insisted that he rose before the question was put. Byles got up, too. Whitley was quite firm. He was sorry he did not see him, but he could not go back on his ruling.

Both sides yelled, and then Whitley made the fatal mistake of consulting the clerks. He was entitled to do it. It is what they are there for—for advice on points of order; but, for all that, it was a mistake.

Whitley announced that he had consulted his advisers, that he had not completed putting the question, and, therefore, he held that Booth was entitled to speak.

Now, Whitley is one of the nicest men in the House of Commons, and in these columns I have often borne witness to his obvious desire to be fair, and I do not believe now he meant to be unfair. He only gave the wheel the quarter-turn the wrong way, and the Unionists became passionately angry.

They considered that, if he had acted fairly, the Government, being in a minority, were bound to go out on a finance Bill—indeed, they could never have put their finance right before Monday, when the year ends. They must have gone out. The Tories forgot Whitley's years of fairness; they only remembered in their anger that he was a strong party man, and that his act had saved the Government. I felt very sorry for him.

Booth talked rubbish for half an hour. He pretended to be an innocent new member, and wanted to know "why ve wheels go wound," amid a storm of angry protest. Whitley ruled him out of order again and again, but this he expected.

Then Masterman got up, and in his new rôle slanged the Opposition, and talked as if the poor soldiers and sailors would have gone without their pay if the Vote had been lost, as though the Government had never before trampled on financial rules and raided the Treasury when compelled to do so! He said these "things are too discreditable even for a discredited Opposition."

The Tories vowed he said "disgraceful" instead of the "discreditable." I think they were wrong. I was listening intently, and I am sure he said "discreditable." However, it set the House in a blaze.

Willie Moore was determined to let Whitley know what he thought of him, and in reply to a remark said, in taunting tones, "I suggest that your ruling be submitted to the clerk at the table."

The Speaker was sent for. Moore, still defiant, was suspended. Arthur Markham was so shocked at the proceedings of the Tories that he said they reminded him of a pot-house. On refusing to withdraw this expression, he had to withdraw himself.

In the meantime, by dint of strenuous exertions, the Radical Whips had got their majority, and the first division showed thirty-nine in their favour. It rapidly grew, but they had to listen to gibes which must have been galling. Everybody had forgotten about poor Winston, who could not sit still. Here he was, dispatch-box in hand, notes in his pocket and peroration in his head, not allowed to speak, owing to the gross mismanagement of his own Whips! Indeed, it was rumoured that his speech was already in the Press.

"Have you Marconied it out to America?" was one gibe. "Have you sold the American rights?" "Look at their sticky fingers!" "Who gambles on the Stock Exchange?" And all they could say in reply was, "This is the gentlemanly party!"

Winston did not get on till 8. His speech was very interesting. He began by drawing a moral from the afternoon's proceedings, which was witty, apt, and striking. He did not complain of the delay, for it illustrated this truth—the difficulty under which the strongest naval Power always has of being ready to

meet, at its average moment, the attack of the next strongest naval Power at its selected moment. He spoke for two hours on the needs of the Navy, and suggested that Germany and England should have a year's rest, and do no shipbuilding for twelve months.

On Thursday, Banbury asked the Speaker if a Chairman of Committees, having given his decision, could go back on it. The Speaker declined to be drawn—he was not a Court of Appeal from the Chairman of Committees. (Here the Ministerialists cheered.) He did not object to making a general statement that, after "the voices had been collected" on both sides, no debate can be resumed or can be begun. It is a matter of fact as to the exact moment when a member rises, and of this who occupies the chair must be the judge. (Then the Unionists cheered.)

Members have now had an opportunity of reading the official account in Hansard, and it is perfectly clear from this that the voices had been collected, and that Whitley had no doubt in his own mind at the outset that Booth was out of order. Unionists are very sore, and say the incident will not be forgotten.

All the afternoon Winston's speech was discussed. Arthur Lee made a really brilliant reply. He seemed to think Winston was almost as optimistic on the Navy as Seely was on the Army. "If perorations were *Dreadnoughts*, we should have an invincible Armada," was one of his phrases.

Germany has promptly shown she will not give us twelve months' breathing time, for that is how they interpret Winston's offer.

In the meantime a great many spent their time listening to Rufus in the committee-room upstairs. All pretence at it being a judicial inquiry has disappeared. Rufus made dramatic speeches, and a Radical claque at the back cheered at intervals, without rebuke.

On Friday the Navy Estimates were again debated, but all interest was centred upstairs. Members could not keep away. Lloyd George went into the box and explained how he had made other "investments" in American Marconis; how he was a poor man, with a private income of only £400 a year from savings, and his admittedly fine income as Chancellor would not last long. He denied making a fortune or having one. It was all lies, and he defended his action, and declared it was in accordance with Parliamentary procedure. He has forgotten the hard words he hurled at Mr. Chamberlain on December 10, 1910.

Eyres Monsell got his chance on Monday night. For the first time he stood at the box and had a go at Winston. He is a breezy young naval lieutenant—one of the few men in the House who is fresh from "the Fleet in being," and is popularly known in the Whips' room and outside as "Bobbie."

He spoke fluently and earnestly, and rapped out at Winston in approved Parliamentary fashion. He ridiculed his idea of a "year's rest." Of course, the one who called out "Halt!" first in a struggle of this description would be accused of being out of breath. The answer had been a violent buffet in the shape of

announcement that another £8,000,000 was about to be spent by Germany on military and naval aviation.

"Does the hon. member think the Germans have prepared those Estimates since I made my speech?" asked Winston scornfully.

Bobbie wasn't to be browbeaten. "Did the right hon. gentleman know of them before this morning?" he countered smartly. "Because, if he did, the ridiculous amount he put in his Estimates was playing with the House of Commons."

A vigorous debate was carried on all the afternoon and evening. Winston pleased neither his friends nor his enemies. He was accused of blowing hot and cold; he was accused of having no well-considered, far-seeing plan; sometimes he went in for a sudden spurt of expenditure, and then the Little Englanders frightened him back into perilous economy.

Lord Charles Beresford said the Navy was short of 20,000 men. The First Lord passionately denied it, and complained that those untrue statements were circulated all over the world, to the detriment of our naval prestige and efficiency. Beresford stuck to his guns. It was clear there was a shortage of men. If not, why were thousands of boys being hurriedly drafted into the Navy now?

Tommy Lough was a querulous quidnunc, and detested this bustling of increasing armaments, and deprecated the First Lord's threats to Germany; but the House, as a whole, sees in Germany's unflinching programme a menace to the peace of the world somewhere. She would not go on making these sacrifices if she did not clearly see danger ahead—sees something we do not see. The House was satisfied that Winston was moving in the right direction—at any rate there was no division.

Of Hospitality

THERE is in the "Decamerone" of Boccaccio a very beautiful story which tells how one Federigo, a noble youth but fallen upon evil days, was visited in his poverty by Monna Giovanni, now a wealthy widow, but formerly the lady of his dreams. It happened that her ailing son had set his heart on a splendid falcon, poor Federigo's one relic of his more prosperous times, and, taking another lady with her, since even the easy proprieties of fourteenth century Florence had, I suppose, to be satisfied, she went to Federigo's cottage and proposed that he should entertain them to dinner, meaning to broach the object of her visit after the meal. Poor Federigo, at his wits' end to provide entertainment worthy of so dear a lady, and having neither viands nor the means of buying them, promptly slew his pet falcon and served it up as a roast. In the sequel, of course, the lady, deeply touched by such ungrudging sacrifice, insisted on marrying her former sweetheart and endowed him with all her worldly goods.

This, however, was no part of Federigo's thoughts when he did his best to entertain his guests. His wel-

come was untarnished by any such expectation of return, giving all and asking nothing. Unfortunately hospitality of so pure a quality is essentially Eastern and a little barbarous. The highly finished product of our pinchbeck civilisations of the West, as set forth in the stiff formulæ of printed invitation cards, on which Mrs. So-and-So not only fixes the hour and day when she is prepared to minister to her guests, but even insists on an early reply that she may know how many to expect, is a very poor substitute for the genuine article. The hospitality of millionaires who regale half their acquaintance on vintage wines and opera stars is no real hospitality at all, and I have tasted better in the frowsy tents of half-naked Bedouin, whose little cups of thick coffee or curded milk are tendered with a finer grace. Here is no ostentation nor afterthought, and these wild children of the desert would scorn the lavish entertainment that is part and parcel of the code of every business man, who gives only that he may receive, cultivating judiciously selected guests for reasons well-known to the poorest scrivener in his counting house.

The quality of hospitality is more strained than that of mercy. At its worst, it calculates on return or at any rate on advertisement. At its best, it is a plant of Eastern growth, and is frostbitten in the cities of the West. It may flourish, however, in those young and virile communities of Colonial stock that, while lacking the polish of civilisation, is also free from its shoddy. It is a hearty "Come right in and mind the step," which everywhere in the backblocks of Canada or Australia greets the wayfarer, no matter how dusty or tattered. Only the straits of extreme poverty can kill the instinct that dictates such welcome, and I well remember, as a quite exceptional experience, one evening when, footsore after a day's walk in Cape Breton Island, I knocked at the door of a shabby farmhouse and was offered a glass of thin milk with such evident reluctance that I actually called up a wan imitation of a smile on the good wife's face by expressing a firm preference for water.

True hospitality eschews both vulgar show and hope of return. It keeps open house and offers pot luck for all who lift the latch. This ungrudging hospitality is instinctive in the East, and this fact makes it difficult to understand the cynical injunction of Paul to the Hebrews that they should be careful how they entertained strangers, since some had entertained angels unawares. Here was passing reference to a well-known adventure of Lot's just before the fall of Sodom, but why have offered such advice at all? I doubt whether that East was ever in need of instruction in the simple arts of hospitality even in the days of Paul of Tarsus.

F. G. AFLALO.

Mr. Henry James has written an account of his early years, together with those of his brother, the late Professor William James. The book is entitled "A Small Boy and Others," and will be published immediately by Messrs. Macmillan.

Notes and News

Over 180,000 copies of Mr. Jeffery Farnol's novel, "The Broad Highway," have been sold in England and America, and its popularity in the States has rivalled that of "The Rosary."

A new long novel from the popular author, Miss Kathlyn Rhodes, will be ready immediately. It is entitled "The Straight Race," and is to be published by Messrs. Holden and Hardingham.

Messrs. Maunsell and Co. have now ready a new edition of Dora Sigerson Shorter's "New Poems." The first edition of one thousand copies, published last autumn, was exhausted in a few months.

Mr. Perriton Maxwell is retiring from the post of manager and editor of *Nash's Magazine*. He will shortly return to America and take charge of *Hearst's Magazine*, a popular illustrated monthly review.

Mr. Bernard Shaw has reconstructed his "Antony and Cleopatra" for Mr. Forbes-Robertson, and added one new scene and a prologue. The new version of this play will be produced at Drury Lane on April 14.

One of the most interesting publishing events of the next week is the issue of the first twenty volumes of the long-expected shilling edition of Bohn's libraries. Messrs. Bell are to be heartily congratulated on the excellent production of these excellent reprints.

Mrs. Meynell is collecting her poetry for publication in a single volume. It will include the early poems, and will also contain more recent compositions. The book is being printed by the Arden Press, and will be published this month by Messrs. Burns and Oates.

Mr. Kipling's new play, "The Harbour Watch," will be produced at the Royalty on April 22. "Thompson," a comedy by the late St. John Hankin and George Calderon, will also be performed. The two plays will be given at six Tuesday and Friday afternoon performances.

Dr. J. G. Fraser, having concluded the new edition of "The Golden Bough," has written a new work on "The Belief in Immortality and the Worship of the Dead," which Messrs. Macmillan have just published. It deals with the belief among the aborigines of Australia, the Torres Straits Islands, Melanesia, and New Guinea.

Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co.'s spring announcements include an important book of fashions by Julius Price, entitled "Dame Fashion 1786-1912," with coloured plates showing the representative fashions for each year during that period; in all it will contain over 155 coloured plates and 56 half-tone illustrations.

The spring double number of the *Bookman* is largely devoted to the art of G. F. Watts. Articles on this distinguished artist are contributed by H. M. Spielmann and Charles T. Bateman. Other important contributions are "The Masters of Dante," by Dr. William Barry; "Elton's English Literature," by Thomas

Seccombe; and "The Juvenilia of Mr. George Moore," by G. S. Layard.

The April meeting of the Library Assistants' Association will be held at the Southwark Central Library, 155-157, Walworth Road, S.E., on April 9, at 7.30 p.m. Mr. W. G. Hawkins will read a paper, "Some Points in the Upkeep of Library Buildings"; and Mr. H. G. Steele will give a paper on "Practical Lighting Problems."

The historical Congress now assembled is partly responsible for the revival of Professor Geddes' "Masque of Learning," on April 5, at the Imperial Institute. Prominent scenes in the Masque are those of the splendours of the Renaissance and a group of the great men of the Elizabethan period in the "Mermaid Tavern," including Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Sir Walter Raleigh. In the tavern Shakespeare sits at the centre of the table, yet the dominant figure of the group is not Shakespeare, but Ben Jonson, who, in the opinion of his contemporaries, was chief of the men of letters of the time. Further performances of the Masque will be given on Friday, April 11, in the evening, and Saturday, April 12, morning and evening.

To the many admirers of the famous caricaturist it will be good news that Mr. Max Beerbohm is shortly returning to this country from Italy, and is bringing with him a large collection of new cartoons, which are to be exhibited during April at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. In the two years that have elapsed since the last exhibition "drew the town," Mr. Beerbohm has shown his versatility in the writing of the successful play which Sir George Alexander recently produced at the Palace Theatre, in a novel, "Zuleika Dobson," and a brilliant book of parodies, "A Christmas Garland." These activities have not prevented him from producing a series of sixty-five cartoons dealing with personalities of the day, which will figure in the forthcoming exhibition.

For the "depression of the book trade" Mr. Stanley Paul blames the cheap rates at which the public can borrow from the lending libraries. "The libraries," he says, "are attempting to supply about 365 volumes in the year for an annual subscription of little more than two guineas. They cannot, of course, out of their receipts on these terms, buy sufficient new books to satisfy the public demand, and consequently the libraries are starved, the public dissatisfied, and the publisher naturally suffers in proportion. People are willing enough to pay 10s. 6d. every week for a stall at the theatre, yet for the books from which they draw amusement, and perhaps education also, they do not even pay sufficient to enable their wants to be supplied. At present the novels most in demand at the libraries are so sparsely supplied that it is often several weeks before orders sent in by subscribers in advance of publication can be attended to. If this is to be stopped, the library terms must be raised till the number of copies ordered from the publisher can be determined by the demand for the book. The public will then get the books it wants, the libraries will get more money in subscriptions, the publisher will sell more books, the authors will get more money in royalties, and the publisher will be able to lay out more money in advertising and the expenses of production."

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON.

STILL ANOTHER CRISIS!

SO complex are the many issues to which the protracted crisis in the Near East has given rise that, week after week, with almost unfailing regularity, Europe is called upon to face some new situation menacing to its tranquillity. In the last issue of THE ACADEMY we commented hopefully in regard to the prospects of an early restoration of peace. We were then in possession of the information that Russia had given her assent to the incorporation of Scutari in Albania, and that, together with the other Great Powers, she had agreed to make the necessary representations at Cettinje. In view of the circumstance that M. Sazonoff had thus set reasonable limitations upon the measure of support which he was prepared to accord the Balkan Slavs, it was hardly to be believed that a kingdom of Montenegro's petty dimensions would maintain an attitude of defiance towards a united Europe. Yet once again the nice calculations of diplomacy have been rudely upset. The Montenegrins, with perhaps more gallantry than discretion, have redoubled their attacks upon Scutari, with the result that the fortress now appears to be in a parlous state, and in all probability is on the eve of surrender. What, however, is still more ominous, Montenegro is not playing a lone hand. The evidence that her allies at the present moment countenance her actions would seem to be overwhelming.

Here it may be remarked in passing that there has been no more remarkable episode in the history of nations than the unity of the Balkan League in the face of successive crises. It is, after all, only a stern community of immediate interests and the recognition of a common foe in the Ottoman Empire, that could have bound together States whose policies, when minutely examined in the abstract, are not characterised by harmony of far-seeing purpose. Not only in the case of Scutari have we seen at work the realisation among the Allies of the imperative need for cohesion while the campaign endured; but exactly the same influence dictated their attitude over Adrianople, where Bulgaria was directly concerned, and over the question of an outlet on the Adriatic, which was a matter purely of Serbian concern. Likewise it will be found, when the problem of delimiting the southern boundaries of Albania is discussed, that Greece, the State to be most intimately affected by any change, will enjoy the full support of her neighbours.

If the report be correct that Russia is counselling moderation at Cettinje, then, perhaps, the Balkan League may, at the eleventh hour, be induced to shape a more conciliatory policy in all parts of the area of dispute. For, however bellicose their present mood may be, they cannot hope, in the long run, to gain all their ends, unless they succeed in promoting dissension among the Great Powers. And even were they to make any material advance in this direction, their diplomacy

would, in their opinion, lack the qualities of true statesmanship. To secure support in the chancelleries of Europe for a cause admittedly just is one thing; to provoke deliberately the horror of universal war over a quarrel as to whether Scutari is to belong to one or other of two petty States would constitute a crime such as would blot out the Balkan nations as civilised communities in the world. Not only would folly of this kind be criminal to an extreme degree, but as deliberate policy it would reveal a foreshortened outlook. For we must bear in mind that, while Russia, up to a point, is prepared to play the admirable rôle of protectress towards the Balkan peoples, she has her own interests to think about. It is, indeed, unlikely that on their behalf she would enter the field against Austria without looking to ultimate compensation. As to the form such compensation would take, no one is in doubt.

We can well imagine that it has required a considerable amount of restraint on the part of the St. Petersburg Government not to take advantage of the general turmoil in order to release the southern fleet from the landlocked waters of the Black Sea. Then there is no doubt that the Allies have been given clearly to understand that, if any Power is to enter upon occupation of Constantinople, that Power must be Russia. The rule that blood is thicker than water does not always work out in practice, and it is inconceivable that the struggling Slav States have failed to take into account the embarrassment that might be caused by the presence in their midst, as a territorial neighbour, of a paternal and all-powerful Russia. That, however, is only one aspect of a many-sided issue which the obstinacy of the Balkan League has raised in an acute form. The question which Europe will decide for itself, and doubtless without undue regard for the pretensions of the present belligerents, is whether or not the ownership of Scutari is worth an Armageddon. With Russia's assent, the principle that it is certainly not sufficient cause for so overwhelming a catastrophe has been settled. It will be recalled that a similar problem arose over the Servian claim to the annexation of the Albanian coast-line. At that time, a severe strain was imposed upon Europe; and when it appeared that no other solution, save recourse to the sword, could be found, common sense came to the rescue of diplomacy, and Russia persuaded Servia to accept a compromise. True, it still remains for this compromise to be translated into accomplished fact, and the same applies to the solution of the Ambassadors in regard to Scutari. Past experience unfortunately shows that it is when the Powers endeavour to interpret their good intentions into effective action that the shadow of war darkens the horizon of Europe.

Without abandoning impartiality, we may sympathise with the natural reluctance of Russia not to join in any action aimed at the chastisement of her favourite protégé, Montenegro. We may even extend our sympathies further, and feel genuinely sorry for a little and a gallant State determined, so it seems from the utterances of King Nicholas, to commit national *hara-*

kiri rather than be baulked of its lifelong ambition at the dictates of European rivalry. Nevertheless, the *impasse* is one in which high policy alone must be permitted to prevail. And we are sure that all sane men cannot do otherwise than agree that, even were the unlikely contingency of the extinction of a small State like Montenegro, containing no more inhabitants than an average industrial town in Western Europe, to be contemplated, the expenditure in such a cause of thousands, perhaps millions, of lives on the part of countries but remotely interested, would be unthinkable. For the moment it must be confessed that the Powers present a pathetic spectacle of helplessness. It is improbable that a half-hearted naval demonstration undertaken by certain nations, as representative of the so-called Concert, would strike immediate terror into the hearts of the mountaineers of Montenegro. It is fortunate for Russia at this juncture that her ships of war are not permitted to pass through the Dardanelles. Participation in coercive measures against the Balkan League would certainly be destructive of her prestige in South-Eastern Europe. As it is not intended to put landing parties ashore, the naval demonstration promises to be a very innocuous affair. If, as seems destined, this measure fails, it is stated that Austria will act alone; that, in other words, she will invade Montenegro. In that event, war between Russia and Austria would become inevitable.

The present situation, therefore, may be described as a deadlock fraught with peril; and at the time of writing no solution appears to offer, save that which invariably represents the last resource of modern diplomacy—reluctant concession to common sense.

MOTORING

ON Tuesday last the proprietors of the "Del Monte" process of coal distillation made their anticipated public application for the necessary capital to work their system on a commercial scale, and without commenting in any way upon the prospects of the company from the investor's point of view, it may be said at once that the claims made in the prospectus are of more than ordinary interest to every motorist. In fact, if only one half of them can be substantiated the motor fuel problem, which is getting more formidable every day, may be regarded as definitely solved. The Del Monte process is a new method by which coal can be distilled at low temperature, and it is claimed that it enables 6 to 7 gallons of the best motor spirit, superior in every way to the highest grade of petrol on the market, to be extracted from every ton of ordinary bituminous coal treated by it. This means that the motor spirit requirements of the whole country—estimated at 100,000,000 gallons for this year—could be fulfilled by the treatment of 15,000,000 tons of common coal, which constitute a mere fraction of the 270,000,000 tons at present extracted annually from the British mines. If this is correct—and there seems no reason to doubt it—the

question of a supply of motor spirit in quantities adequate for all conceivable future requirements in this country no longer exists, the only point remaining being the price at which it can be manufactured and supplied to the consumer. It is obvious that, if motor spirit were the sole valuable product of the coal treated by the new process, and if only 6 or 7 gallons per ton of coal could be obtained, its price would be prohibitive; but it is stated that the other products of the distillation—smokeless fuel, sulphate of ammonia, etc.—are sufficiently valuable in themselves to make the process pay handsomely; in fact, that the motor spirit could, if necessary, be sold at as low a price as 3d. per gallon and still show a substantial profit. As to the quality of the spirit and its perfect suitability for motoring purposes there can be no doubt. Comparative tests carried out recently under the auspices of *The Motor* show conclusively that the Del Monte spirit developed more power and was more economical than best-grade petrol, and that in no respect was it inferior to the latter as a motor fuel. It only remains to be seen, therefore, whether the confident claims of the inventors of the process as regards production and price can be substantiated in actual practice.

The Automobile Association continues its efforts to induce local authorities to pass by-laws compelling all horsed vehicles to carry rear lights after dark, and in many cases such regulations have been put into force. The Berks County Council has just issued rear-light by-laws, which came into operation on March 25 last. With a view of furthering and following up this important work, the Association has issued special instructions to a large number of its patrols working in certain counties where such regulations are already in force, under which instructions the men will remain on duty after dark and look out for all horse-drawn vehicles using the roads without lights. In such cases the patrols will report to the nearest constable, with a view of proceedings being taken against the offenders.

The adjustment of supply to demand in the matter of motor-cars appears to be a problem which many of the best-known makers find it difficult to deal with, as quite a number of the leading firms have undoubtedly lost much business this year owing to inability to promise delivery within a reasonable time. One of the

exceptions is the Belsize Company, which, in spite of increased demand, seems to be able to satisfy both its agents and customers in the matter of prompt delivery. The fact is that, if a motor company is to secure the best efforts of its agents, it must be prepared to deliver a car with reasonable promptitude, otherwise the agent will transfer his energies to another quarter. The Belsize people realise this, and keep their works going day and night to increase their output, and so enable their agents to satisfy their customers. This may be more in accordance with American than British tradition, but it is the policy that pays.

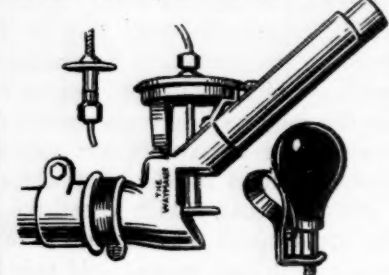
The "Empty-Quick" is one of the many ingenious and useful motoring devices marketed by the Atlas Syndicate, Ltd., of High Street, Kensington. It is designed to replace the ordinary funnel as a means of emptying the contents of the two-gallon can into the tank, and, as its name indicates, one of its chief features is the rapidity with which the emptying process is carried out, 30 seconds being the time in which it is claimed that two gallons can be transferred. Other important points are that the device can be fixed instantaneously to the can, and that not a drop of the spirit is wasted in the filling process. R. B. H.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

WE are having April weather on the Stock Exchange. One week all is sunshine, the next week tempest, and the third fog. Clearly until we know what is to be done in the Near East, it would be the merest madness to buy stocks. No one can lose any money if they keep it in the Bank, for luckily, all our great banks are absolutely sound, as sound as Great Britain itself. Also, reasonable interest is being paid on deposits. Therefore, my advice is: hold your hands until peace has been signed.

Nevertheless, in spite of the uncertainty of the political position, a certain number of new issues have appeared. The San Francisco del Oro, through Messrs. Goerz and Co., have offered £200,000 debentures. This mine has been a persistent failure from the first day of its existence. It is situated in the very heart of the revolution that is now devastating Mexico. My correspondent in that country takes a gloomy view of peace prospects. He thinks that the revolution will last until the United States intervenes. Under these circumstances I consider an investment in debentures of a mine that cannot be worked, and that when it was worked never made a profit, a very foolish speculation. The Minas Geraes Electric Light and Tramways offered through the British and General Debenture Trust, £120,000 5 per cent. first mortgage bonds at 90½. These bonds have been touted by some outside agencies at a discount from the issue price. This is disconcerting, and in spite of the fact that they are guaranteed by the State of Minas Geraes, I cannot recommend an investment. The Union of South Africa offers four millions 4 per cent. stock at par. It is a trustee security, and should be readily subscribed. The Government of Manitoba also offer £400,000 4½ per cent. stock at 102. This is quite a good



THE WAYMAKER HORN

THE HORN WITH THE DEEP DOUBLE NOTE.

No matter what Car you run, you'll find the Waymaker Horn the most practical and least expensive Auto Signal on the market.

HAND CONTROL (Pneumatic).

No. 1-16 to 25 h.p.—50/-
No. 2-25 to 50 h.p.—55/-

THE ATLAS SYND. LD.
122G, High St.,
Kensington, W.

security. There is a strange company offering its shares called the Oil and Carbon Products. I do not pretend to know anything as to the value of the patents. I only know that 999 patents out of every thousand are commercial failures, and therefore I am obliged to advise caution.

The whole conversation of the City is directed to Marconi. There is not much dealing in the shares. The "bears" keep the price steady, and the "bulls" have now all been financed. Therefore, operators are afraid to move either one way or the other. But if we do not gamble, we certainly talk about it. The City laughs at the idea of Mr. Lloyd George "investing" in American Marconis. I believe that Mr. Lloyd George is quite ignorant of City matters. I am sure that he must be, otherwise he would not consider such a gambling counter an investment. Also, he does not realise that people purchase investments for dividends. Had he considered for one moment, he would have frankly admitted that he had purchased the American Marconi shares simply because Sir Rufus Isaacs told him they were good. There is no particular harm in buying 1,000 shares on the tip of a friend. The City would have sympathised if they had been told the transaction at the outset. They now think Mr. Lawson was very hardly treated. We must really wait for the report of the expert committee before we decide anything as to the intrinsic merits of the Marconi system. I understand that the experts are busily engaged in examining the various opposition patents, and their report will be extremely interesting. It is worth noting that the Goldsmid process is to be tried. Some big people are at the back of this concern, and speak confidently of its value. We are hearing very little of the Poulsen crowd. They will require to give us a long distance test, and this, I hear, they are making arrangements to do.

MONEY.—Now that the quarter has ended, money looks a shade cheaper. Indeed, three months bills have been done at $4\frac{3}{4}$. Lombard Street takes a peaceful view of the situation on the Continent. There is some small falling off in trade demands, and the German position is considered less dangerous than it was a few weeks ago. At the same time, I do not see much chance of any reduction in the Bank rate until peace is signed. Then, no doubt, we should have a 4 per cent. rate for, at any rate, some months. It must not be forgotten, however, that there are many large Government loans ready to be issued, and that these will call for at least 30 millions of gold.

FOREIGNERS.—In spite of the strange answers given in the House of Commons in regard to China, I am assured that the Six Power group has completely broken up. A combination of financiers in London has agreed to lend China 10 millions, and the issue will shortly be made. A Belgian group has also arranged a railway loan with the Chinese. China now looks to be coming through her difficulties with considerable ease. The Tinto dividend was reasonably good—quite as good as I expected. The carry forward, which was £194,600, shows that the directors are preparing for a fall in price of copper. They used their large gross profit in writing down plant, and they could have easily increased the dividend. The "bears" bought back. I think, however, that we shall see lower prices for Rio Tinto before the year is out.

HOME RAILS.—The "bull" syndicate that has been operating in Great Centrals, has now turned its attention to South Western deferred. There was some solid ground for the purchase of Great Central 1894 preference, which have had a big rise, but I cannot see any reason why the syndicate should buy South Westerns. It is true that the management has been changed, but I have yet to learn that any real improvement has occurred. The same syndicate is said to be laying in a stock of Great Northern

deferred. Here, I think, they will make as much money as they did in Great Centrals, for the line is doing well, and the stock is not over-valued. Traffics are, of course, increasing in a prodigious manner, and I believe that if we got peace, we should see a veritable boom in all Home Railway securities. But whether we do or not, we shall see very little fall. The best things to buy are London and North Western, Midland deferred, North Eastern, and Lancashire and Yorkshire. A reaction will probably occur in all Great Central securities. When this happens the stocks should be bought.

YANKEES.—The death of Pierpont Morgan will not affect the market in the slightest degree. Everything was carefully arranged, for it was well known that he was in bad health. Mr. Pierpont Morgan was one of the greatest financiers the world has ever seen. He was always a "bull," but we must not forget that he lived in a country in which it pays to be a "bull." The United States has not stopped growing, and all the railways that he took in hand have either made good or will make good within the next few years. Eries are a case in point. People are asking who will replace Morgan. Frankly, such a personality cannot be replaced. He belonged to a different age. The present generation has no grit. Young Morgan, as he is called, is an amiable, painstaking financier, but up to the present he has not shown a capacity equal to that of his father.

RUBBER.—The rubber reports are not particularly good this week. Selangor reduces its dividend 25 per cent. to 250 per cent. Costs are at 1s. 1d. This is a very low figure. The company intends to increase its area to 2,267 acres. It is extremely doubtful whether the dividend can be maintained for the current year. Sungei Way is a sister company of Selangor. The dividend has jumped from 45 per cent. to 60 per cent. Working costs are high, and selling price far too low. Evidently the company is producing too much scrap. Klanang Produce is a moderately capitalised concern. £15 an acre is very low. The dividend has been raised from 112½ per cent. to 125 per cent., but it is hardly likely that this company will pay more than 100 per cent. for the current year. There has been steady liquidation in the rubber market all through the week, but it now appears to have come to an end. I therefore expect to see slightly better prices. But the general tendency will continue downwards.

OIL.—Oil shares, in spite of the high price of oil, do not respond. All the insiders are anxious to get out. There is some talk, however, of a boom being made in Galician Oil Trust. This talk has been heard in the market on many previous occasions. Therefore, I cannot advise a purchase. Premiers are waiting for peace, then they are to be rigged in Paris.

MINES.—The Barnato reports are now out. On the whole they are good. Witwatersrand (Knights) have had a good year. The profit has jumped from £151,299 to £210,750, but the dividend is kept at 35 per cent. Depreciation gets nearly £30,000 more than last year, and £96,000 is appropriated for shaft sinking and development. I look upon Knights as one of the best purchases in the Kaffir market. The mine has a long life, and the dividend is certain to be raised to 50 per cent. within the next eighteen months. The Albu reports do not come up to the level of the Barnato group. Roodeport United has had a very bad year. Meyer and Charlton is the best of this group. The yield has gone up, and the profit has risen from £94,790 to £197,321; 60 per cent dividend was paid, and the carry forward is more than doubled, whilst the ore reserves have improved both in value and in quantity.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In the miscellaneous market very

little business has been done. The event of the week has been the Cunard report. This great company has increased its dividend to 10 per cent., and we are promised four new steamships. The magnificent fleet only stands in the books at six millions. Cunard is a national undertaking, and its debentures and preference are first-class industrial investments. Henry Clay and Bock have had a fairly good year, but the securities are not to be recommended.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

GALICIAN OIL TRUST.

In the present improved state of the oil share market Galician issues are attracting special attention, and the shares of the Galician Oil Trust, which belongs to the well-known Boxall group, are particularly in favour. It may be noted that the company has an issued capital of £253,031. It has eight producing wells, and five others in course of drilling; whilst on its monthly production of about 3,500 tons there is a profit of about £85,000 per annum. It will be seen, therefore, that the company has excellent dividend prospects, and purchasers of the shares at their present low price of about 7s. 9d. would appear to have a good bargain.

CORRESPONDENCE

BACON AND SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—As your correspondent, Mr. H. G. Rawlinson, Professor of English in the (I suppose) renowned Deccan College, Poona (though I confess I never heard of it), lays it down, as a sort of axiom, that no one but a "trained expert," meaning, as he goes on to explain, "one with a degree or diploma signifying that he has studied English literature at some recognised University under a well-known professor"—one like himself, as I take it—"is qualified to express an opinion" on the subject of the authorship of the Shakespeare plays, he will, doubtless, consider it preposterously "impertinent" in *me*—one, I may say at once, as devoid of the above qualifications as, say, Francis Bacon, or the equally ungraduated young man from Stratford, who, nevertheless, your correspondent *will* have it, wrote those plays—to seek to interpose a word on the subject.

Nevertheless, Sir, as one who, somehow or other, by methods legitimate or illegitimate, as best he could, through a course of study extending through some half-century, claims to have acquired some knowledge of literature, both English and Latin, I will ask you to allow me to say a word or two, not only directly on Shakespearian matters, but also—audacious as it may seem—on the right of claim on the part of Mr. Rawlinson to "lay down the law," as he does, upon the subject. For, passing over his palpable errors on English literature (his own subject), with which, no doubt, my fellow Baconian, Mr. Smedley, will deal, I would only ask what he means by holding up his hands, as it were, in horror, at Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence's mention of "Iambic Hexameters," as if there were no such things? Evidently the Professor must think so. He has never heard of them! And yet, that such things are is a fact, which, as Macaulay used to say, "every schoolboy should know," and doubtless, *did* know, in the days when Latin was really taught in schools. For, what says Facciolati—himself a "Professor," but one who really knew what he professed: "Est etiam," he writes, "hexameter iambicus qui ultimo loco iambum habet pro spondeo," and he gives an example from the Roman Grammarian Diomedes. Surely, a man, and a Professor, should have known this

before pronouncing the writer who uses the term (a writer, by the way, himself a graduate in honours and "learned in the law") "uneducated." But, if the "learned" Baronet is "uneducated" and his book "full of gross errors," what shall we say of the "Professor"?

As for Sir Edwin's translation of "quarta tabula" as a "square table," is it not possible that such an obvious error should be due to some typographical or other lapsus, such as the substitution of "quarta" for "quadrata"? I cannot but think so and that, pending explanation, it would have been more generous of your correspondent to have passed it over. But, doubtless, the learned Baronet (being also, as I have said, like his critic, a "University graduate," and, therefore, incapable of intentional blunder) will explain.

But, as with "Logic" (as, I think, I showed in a previous letter) so with "Learning"—"Shakespearians," it seems to me, arrogantly claim a sort of monopoly of it, and nowhere does it appear more evident, I think, than in the triplet of letters appearing in your issue of March 8. For, just before Mr. Rawlinson's letter, comes one from a correspondent signing himself, oddly enough, "Humphry Clinker," who, in his attempt, as he modestly puts it, to explode a Baconian fable, and to put Mr. Smedley right, goes, I venture to say, all wrong himself in his Latin. "Ea omnia," "mark the words," he exclaims—"all of them." Why, yes—"Ea omnia," we all know, means "all of them"—*sometimes*. But not, I maintain, in the passage "Humphry" quotes. There, I say, the emphatic word is "ea," and "Ea omnia" means "all these"—"these" referring to Bacon's philosophical works, "*already translated into Latin*" (parts 1, 2, 3) and not to the parts 4, 5, 6 of the "Instauratio," which had yet to come, and which never did come, unless the Plays were it, or them. "So then," to repeat Mr. "Humphry Clinker's" concluding words, Mr. Smedley is all right, and his own attempted "reductio ad absurdum," about the Plays being *translated into Latin* all wrong—a spoiled joke.

But what are we to say of the irrepressible "Tom Jones" and his chronological arrangement of facts, proving he does not say what? What of him and the infallibility of his "Shakespearian" assertions? Take but one of them, and "ex uno disce omnes." "In 1592," he writes, "Robert Greene" in his "Groatsworth of Wit," alludes to Shakespeare as a rising dramatist "with his tyger's heart wrapt in a player's hide." Well, in his "Groatsworth of Wit," Greene never said any such thing—never mentions Shakespeare at all! He alludes to one, indeed, whom he calls "Shake-scene," and who was evidently intended to represent Shaxper the Player, from the reference to the "player's hide," but "Shakespeare," the rising dramatist, *no*—he is evidently absent from Greene's thoughts, as has been pointed out many times, and indeed, admitted, even by Shakespearian writers.

Here, then, we have three "Shakespearian" writers, all of them guilty (as, I think, I have shown and shall be prepared, if challenged, to prove) of palpable errors of one kind or another, and yet all of them—one, indeed, "totidem verbis," the others by implication—imputing absolute ignorance and want of education to us poor Baconians? Is it wonderful, I would ask, that we should, under such circumstances, feel some resentment, and thus trampled upon, like the poor worm of the adage, "turn" or, at least, try to turn?

With this question, remembering your request for brevity, I conclude, though I could say much more, and remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

Dullatur House, Hereford.

JOHN HUTCHINSON.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—I have often wondered if this Bacon question would ever have cropped up, if—not to mention other great Elizabethan dramatists—Webster, Middleton, and Fletcher had been read more extensively. Such a vast literature has grown up around the author of "Hamlet," so little, comparatively speaking, has been written about his fellow playwrights, that many of the latter have sunk into an undeserved oblivion.

Webster's "The White Devil" and "The Duchess of Malfi" are surpassed only by Shakespeare's greatest dramas. Can the Baconians read the following passage in his "Vittoria Corombona" (the White Devil) without going to search for Bacon number two for poor "obscure, forgotten" (Hazlitt) Webster?

Brachiano : O thou soft natural death ! thou art joint-twin
To sweetest slumber ! no rough-bearded comet
Stares on thy mild departure ; the dull owl
Beats not against thy casement ; the hoarse wolf
Scents not thy carrion ; pity winds thy corse,
Whilst horror waits on princes.

Vit. Cor. : I am lost for ever.

Brach. : How miserable a thing it is to die.

The two mentioned plays of Webster are certainly superior to Shakespeare's minor productions, just as, for instance, the concluding parts of Marlowe's "Edward II" can well bear comparison with the final scenes of Shakespeare's "Richard II," and "the death of Edward II in Marlowe's tragedy is certainly superior to that of Shakespeare's King" (Hazlitt).

If we turn to "Henry VIII," the finest parts in this play are certainly Wolsey's "farewell to his greatness" and Queen Katharine's vision. Now what does Professor Dowden say of these passages? He says (Lit. Primer, Shakespeare, p. 156): "It is hard at first to refuse to Shakespeare the authorship of Wolsey's famous soliloquy in which he bids his greatness farewell (Act III, Sc. II. L. 350-372), but it is certainly Fletcher's, and when one has perceived this, one perceives also that it was an error ever to suppose it written in Shakespeare's manner. The scene in which the vision appears to the dying Queen is also Fletcher's, and in his highest style." Even Sir Sydney Lee owns that the farewell "excites really grave embarrassment," although he thinks we have here Shakespeare imitating Fletcher's style. Now, supposing Fletcher really did write these two passages, we see that the finest lines in a play which he wrote—as far as we know—in collaboration with Shakespeare, proceeded from his and not from Shakespeare's pen. Of Beaumont and Fletcher's "False One," after giving a quotation from Act II, Sc. I, Hazlitt remarks: "It is something worth living for, to write or even read such poetry as this is. . . ."

It is true that only Shakespeare could write "Hamlet," "Lear," and "Macbeth"; yet when we read the best plays of the other great Elizabethan dramatists, and compare these with the lesser plays of Shakespeare, we can simply say that the Stratford bard was the greatest of them all, but we have no right to pretend that he was not of their own flesh and blood. And then we do not all admire Shakespeare for the same reason. One prefers to see his plays represented on the stage, another prefers to enjoy them in the calm of his study. Some of us, perhaps, take a much greater interest in his pregnant sentences than in the plays as a whole (in spite of their excellence as such), and have not sustained interest for the vicissitudes of his *dramatis personæ* to the same extent as they have for the beauty, grandeur, and philosophical maxims of a Portia, Hamlet, or Lear, Polonius, etc., etc. Many

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

BARLEY, WHEAT AND MILK IN POWDER FORM.

THE IDEAL FOOD DRINK FOR
ALL AGES.

DELICIOUS, NOURISHING AND REFRESHING.

The wholesome nutrition of pure rich milk and choice malted grain supplying strength and vigour, with little tax on digestion.

Requires no cooking.

Used instead of tea, coffee, or cocoa at meals, develops healthy bodies and clear brains. Equally useful to the vigorous and the weak, the business or professional man, the youth, the maid, the mother, the child, or the infant.

An efficient corrective of insomnia, taken hot before retiring.

In Glass Bottles, 1/6, 2/6, 11/-, at all Chemists and Stores.

Liberal Sample for trial free by post on request.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS., ENGLAND.

of us perhaps, too, take less human interest in the welfare of Shakespeare's characters than we do in the welfare of those of any other great dramatist. We forget our sorrow in pondering over the wondrous words which the great bard puts into their mouths. The thoughts expressed are often too grand for the situations in which the actors of the drama are placed; the former frequently overwhelm the latter, whereas in a tragedy like "Venice Preserved," the words spoken by the performers are more in harmony with their situations. This makes, according to my mind, a play, like the one just mentioned of Otway's, more homogeneous than "Macbeth," "Lear," or "Hamlet," but, of course, only for the above given reason. Now, if we leave out Part I of Goethe's "Faust"—which is, comparatively speaking, very rarely represented on the stage—we find in no plays so much food for reflection as we do in Shakespeare's grandest dramas. But I think they ought to be regarded as the crescendo of Marlowe's, Webster's, and Fletcher's work in the same domain and not as something that is organically disconnected from the rest of the theatre of the period in which Shakespeare wrote. Marlowe's "Faustus"—

Oh! thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars—

Middleton's "Changeling," Webster's "Vittoria Corombona," and "The Duchess of Malfi," have more or less of these grand lines; in them we find less, in Shakespeare's dramas more—and that is one of the reasons of our great bard's superior excellence to all.

In the Shakespeare v. Bacon discussion I have been astonished that no one has called attention to Fuller's "Worthies," in which he speaks of the "wit-combats" between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. It is true that Fuller was born in 1608, and writes from hearsay, but his comparison of Ben Jonson and his friend comes up so exactly to what we picture to ourselves these two great men must have been, that we feel certain Fuller had conversed with eye-witnesses of the merry meetings at "The Mermaid" and elsewhere. (See the quotation, p. 178, "Shakespeare," by S. Lee).—I am, yours faithfully,
St. Gallen, March 8, 1913. ROBERT H. HOAR.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—According to Mr. W. T. Smedley the scope of Bacon's literary activity has hitherto not been accurately gauged. Bacon's was the most exquisitely constructed intellect that has ever been bestowed on any of the children of men. This brilliant wit and jester was in industry above the capacity and in mind beyond the range of his contemporaries. To him we owe the construction of the

English language and the creation of literature. Having accepted these presumptions Mr. Smedley discovered a mystery—he found that Bacon's capability and god-like reason, during the period 1576-1605, fully thirty years, save for a tiny book of ten essays, was fust in him unused. The conception is impossible. Shakespeare is acknowledged to be the product of a single mind, and a great mind. Two such distinguished authors as Bacon and Shakespeare could not have existed at that period. Bacon was not only the most learned of the Elizabethans, but also the "brightest and wisest" of all the sons of the earth. That Bacon wrote Shakespeare is obvious. The gap between the years 1576-1605 is now filled up and that part of his life accounted for. Thus Mr. Smedley solves his mystery.

On the other hand, I showed in my letter of March 8 that Bacon, during that period was not in the mood for writing plays. The events there enumerated and which had engaged Bacon's mind, are strangely contrasted with the writing of delightful comedies. It is highly improbable that Bacon ever turned his attention to the stage. His thoughts were directed elsewhere. Mr. Smedley says of Bacon in 1592 that "This young man was desperately in earnest about something." Yes, but not about writing Shakespeare. At that time Bacon wrote to Burghley, "I wax now somewhat ancient, one-and-thirty years is a great deal of sand in the hour glass." So he did not consider himself young. The ideal of production of good to the human race through the discovery of truth, was combined in him with the practical desire to be of service to his country. He sought to obtain some honourable post in the State, and so fulfil these projects. With this aim in view he had taken all knowledge to his province, and if his uncle Burghley would not help him to obtain such a position he would "give over all care of service and become some sorry bookmaker." Still, he did not write Shakespeare. He appears to have been in the same mood in 1603. He desires "to meddle as little as he can with the King's causes," and "put his ambition wholly on his pen." He does not write Shakespeare, but actually begins his philosophical works. The "Novum Organum" was published in 1605. Mr. Smedley is unable to foist on us that Bacon was the author of Shakespeare; so he takes upon himself to degrade Shakespeare and everything connected with him. He persists in stating that the plays as printed were never produced at any of the Elizabethan theatres, that the audiences were illiterate and for the most part degraded. If the plays were staged at all they were reduced to little more than dumb shows or pantomime. He mentions an edition of "Hamlet" "as late as 1685" which says "the passages within inverted commas are omitted," and nearly every speech which we value is so treated. Why does Mr. Smedley choose so late a date in support of his assertion? An earlier instance is the "Hamlet" of the First Folio, shortened for stage representation. That was produced as printed. Has Mr. Smedley ever witnessed "Hamlet" as printed, or any other Shakespearean play? I am aware of the exceptions. Mr. Smedley may like to know that "Macbeth" was acted at the Globe Theatre, and the date of performance, April 20, 1610, is recorded in the Journal of Dr. Simon Forman, who witnessed it, in which he gives an elaborate summary of the plot. The Globe was the Court theatre *par excellence*, as well as the most popular. It was circular-built and constructed of wood, and was opened in 1599. Shakespeare's "Henry V" was produced there. The Chorus in Act I alludes to this round building as "this wooden O."

William Shakespeare, dramatist and actor-manager, produced several of his own plays at the Globe Theatre, his co-partners were Richard Burbage (the original Hamlet), John Heminge, and Richard Condell. After Shakespeare's death, Heminge and Condell collected the plays in their possession, and published them in Folio in 1623, "to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and

fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare." This Folio, with the Dedication and Address to the Reader, signed by Heminge and Condell, as well as the tribute by Ben Jonson, "To the Memory of my Beloved the author, Master William Shakespeare and what he has left us," will stand for all time as a peremptory refutation of any Anti-Shakespearean theory. Yours faithfully,
London, E.C. TOM JONES.

THE PROBLEM OF THE ASPIRATE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—The article by Professor Herbert Strong entitled "The Problem of the Aspiate," brings to my mind the gentleman named Arrius, mentioned by Catullus, who, among other faults of pronunciation, spoke of the "Hionian" sea, meaning Ionian. Is it not possible that some of the Roman conquerors had similar failings? It was probably the "prunes and prisms" of our grandparents' days that brought the vice to fruition among the uneducated classes.—Yours faithfully, E. URWICK.

The Times Library Club,
380, Oxford Street, London, W.

JOTTINGS FOR THE WORD-BOOKS.

"PETLING" AND "SOSS."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In an anonymous work, entitled "Edward. A Novel. In Two Volumes. Dedicated by Permission to Her Majesty." (London: 1774), one remarks, Vol. i, p. 86: "And is it, then, a wonder if the wilfull petling thinks of throwing off a wife as he would break a bauble." In the leading English dictionary the earliest instance of this diminutive, formed on the analogy of "dearling," is from the year 1837. On p. 90: "Here, here, soss, soss!" is addressed to "the hounds," in the sense of "eat; or lap voraciously." In the other volume "cricket" (as a game), p. 8; "otherways," p. 10; "Gothic" = barbarian, p. 75; "laries" = lares (in Latin), p. 169; are, perhaps, just worth noting. In the Bodleian copy of the novel one sees a book-plate bearing the words: "I. Baker Holroyd Esq., Sheffield Place, Sussex. Quem te Deus esse jussit." The plot, evolved in a series of letters, is not of especial interest. Its scene is laid chiefly in Eireland. The Poets mentioned therein are Don Quixote, Milton, Pope, Prior, Seneca, Shakespeare, Sterne and Young; and the places: America, Bristol, Dublin, Gibraltar, London, Madrid, Oxford, Paris, Southampton, Spa. "Edward" was sent to "Westminster School." Was the story founded on fact? Can it be ascertained who was "The Author" who signed the dedication, of three pages, addressed "To the Queen"?

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

P.S.—I heard the word "largen," in the sense of "enlarge," on the analogy of "widen" and "broaden," used in Westminster, last January, by a policeman. "Hennery," which I mentioned in "Jottings" last December, is used, I am told, by farmers in Staffordshire, and Warwickshire.

St. Patricks Day, 1913.

THE INDIAN MASSACRE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—Could you tell me from what source I could obtain an account of the Indian massacre of 1862 in Minnesota, U.S.A.?

I should be most grateful to you if you could give me this information.—Yours faithfully,

HOWARD N. TUPPER.

14A, Hillfield Park, Muswell Hill, N.

A MODERN CRITIC.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—Mr. Lionel de Fonseka has a grievance with your reviewer because he credits Mr. Arthur Ransome with the newer formula, "Art for life's sake." Mr. de Fonseka says Mr. Ransome's essay under the above heading, only appeared in the December number of the *English Review*. But Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie and Mr. Ransome have already said elsewhere that the phrase was current with them long before the date mentioned. Mr. Anthony Ludovici had used the phrase long previous to that date. I have also used it in conversation for at least three years and in casual reviews during that period; and I am sure it must have been on the tongues of hundreds of others. It is of little moment as to who accidentally uttered the phrase first, the significance of it is that the time was ripe for this new "battle-cry" which, in my opinion, will speedily give place to one more thrilling and portentous still—"Art for soul's sake!"

JAMES A. MACKERETH.

FAULTY GRAMMAR.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—A shocking example of faulty grammar has just occurred in the *Daily Telegraph*. In describing the funeral service of Lady Dorothy Neville, the journal in question stated: "A very large crowd had assembled in Regent Street, and hats were raised in respect as the coffin was placed upon the hearse to be conveyed to Golder's Green, where the remains was cremated!" Yours very faithfully,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

10, Holmdale Road, West Hampstead, London, N.W.

March 28, 1913.

"ANIMALS WE LAUGH AT."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Mr. Aflalo in his clever article on "Animals we Laugh At," makes a remark concerning M. Bergson's "Criticism of Laughter" which is hardly fair. He represents Bergson as saying that the basis of all laughter is malice. The French philosopher only claims that this malice underlies certain forms of laughter. The theory is, of course, a subtle one, but it is absolutely true. Let any man analyse the composition of 99 per cent. of his laughs, and he will find this malice (no doubt a very mild form of it) in those laughs.—Yours, etc.,

P. B. BARRY.

The Playgoers' Club.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

- The French and the English*. By Laurence Jerrold. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.)
Five Unpractical Plays. By Kenneth Weeks. (George Allen and Co. 5s. net.)
Towards a New Theatre. Forty Designs for Stage Scenes with Critical Notes by the Inventor, Edward Gordon Craig. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 21s. net.)
Témoignages (3^e Série). By Marcel Conlon. (*Mercur de France*, Paris. 3fr. 50.)
How Criminals are Made and Prevented: A Retrospect of Forty Years. By J. W. Horsley, M.A. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)
The Brain City: A Fantasy. By Marmaduke A. Prickett. (Museum Art and Letters Association. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE ONLY SAFE COFFEE
FREE SAMPLE

OF

PURE COFFEE
FREED FROM CAFFEINE

may be had by sending to the address below a penny stamp to cover the cost of postage.

Over 2,000 Doctors recommend Coffee freed from Caffeine. It is the only Coffee that does not upset the nerves. Ask your grocer for it.

Coffee freed from Caffeine has all its delightful fragrance and aroma fully preserved. All growths treated.

Explanatory Booklet Free from—

THE LIFEbelt COFFEE CO., LTD.

(Dept. 13) 71, Eastcheap, London, E.C.

The Distribution of Incomes in the United States. By Frank Hatch Streightoff, M.A. (P. S. King and Son.)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

- Nogi: A Great Man against a Background of War*. By Stanley Washburn. With Portrait. (Andrew Melrose. 3s. 6d. net.)
Recollections of the Civil War. By Mason Whiting Tyler. Edited by William S. Tyler. Illustrated. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 10s. 6d. net.)
The Status of Aliens in China. By Vi Kyuin Wellington Koo, Ph.D. (P. S. King and Son. 10s.)

FICTION.

- Called to Judgment: A Melodrama*. By Coralie Stanton and Heath Hosken. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)
A Little World: A Story of To-Day and To-Morrow. By Arnold Golsworthy. (George Allen and Co. 6s.)
Malayan Monochromes. By Sir Hugh Clifford, K.C.M.G. (John Murray. 6s.)
The Roarer. By Nat Gould. New Edition. (John Long. 6d.)
The Soul of the Orient. By Z. L. Cavalier. (Murray and Evenden. 5s. net.)
The Major. By Florence Warden. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)
Respectability. By James Blyth. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)
Time's Wallet. By Lucy Dale and G. M. Faulding. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.)
A Book of Dear Dead Women. By Edna W. Underwood. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)
Daisy Darley, or The Fairy Gold of Fleet Street. By W. P. Ryan. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 6s.)
Henry Kempton. By Evelyn Brentwood. (John Lane. 6s.)
A Grey Life: A Romance of Modern Bath. By "Rita." (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)
The Mating of Lydia. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Illustrated by Charles E. Brock. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

MANY REJECTED MSS.

simply need expert revision to make them available. This I can give, securing results that count. Such firms as Appleton, Putnam's, etc., publish my own books, and I was recently editor for a leading magazine. Why not increase your profits by publication in the United States? Address: EDITOR, Box 4L, 435 WEST 119TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A.

The Cowper & Newton Museum

Olney, Bucks.

AN APPEAL FOR ENDOWMENT.

Twelve years ago, on the occasion of the Centenary of the death of the poet Cowper, the house in which he lived at Olney was presented to the town to form a Memorial and Museum. The Trustees have, with a number of gentlemen resident in the district, formed an Endowment Committee, of which the Bishop of Durham is the Chairman.

The Secretary is Mr. Thomas Wright, the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney, Bucks, to whom Contributions should be addressed.

SHIPPING.

CANADIAN PACIFIC OCEAN AND RAIL SERVICES TO . . AND THROUGH CANADA . .

TRANSATLANTIC—Fast and luxurious "Empress" Steamers to Canada. Only Four days' open sea. **TRANSCANADA**—Finest Trains in the World, running through the world's grandest scenery. Direct connection with every part of Canada. Fastest route to Western States. **TRANSPACIFIC**—Fast Route to Japan and China. All-British Route to Australia and New Zealand by Canadian-Australian Mail Service via Vancouver.

For further particulars apply

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

82-85, Charing Cross, S.W.; 67-68, King William St., LONDON, E.C. 24, James Street, Liverpool. 120, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. 41, Victoria Street, Belfast. 18, St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol.

UNION-CASTLE LINE ROYAL MAIL SERVICE

TO
SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA.

WEEKLY SAILINGS.

MONTHLY DIRECT SERVICE TO EAST AFRICA.

Via the SUEZ CANAL.

Calling at GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES and NAPLES

PLEASURE CRUISES TO THE CONTINENT.

(Hamburg and Antwerp.)

Reduced fares for Tourists during Spring and Summer, to
MADEIRA, LAS PALMAS and TENERIFFE.

For further information apply to:—

DONALD CURRIE & CO., MANAGERS, LONDON AND SOUTHAMPTON.
Branch Offices of the Company at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow.

CUNARD LINE PLEASURE CRUISES

LIVERPOOL

to the
MEDITERRANEAN & ADRIATIC

by the

"SAXONIA" AND "CARPATHIA"

Ports of Call . . .

CADIZ, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS,
MALTA, SYRACUSE, ALEXANDRIA,
ATHENS, CORFU, TRIESTE, FIUME,
PALERMO, NAPLES.

For full particulars apply—

THE CUNARD S.S. CO., Ltd., LIVERPOOL.

P & O Passenger Services.

EGYPT, INDIA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA,
JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, and all Eastern Ports.

(Carrying Mails under Contract with H.M. Government.)

Frequent and Regular Sailings from and to LONDON, MARSEILLES & BRINDISI.

P & O Pleasure Cruises

Throughout
the Year,
according
to Season.

AROUND THE COASTS OF EUROPE,
NORWAY and the MEDITERRANEAN.

Programme on Application.

For Passage, Freight and all information apply—

PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY,
102, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., LONDON.

P & O Round the World Tours.

R.M.S.P. PLEASURE CRUISES

TO	FARE	LENGTH OF TOUR	SAILING	FROM
NORWAY, Mediterranean, Holy Land, & Egypt.	From £1 a day	About 14 Days	June to December.	Southampton & Grimsby.
SPAIN & PORTUGAL.	£12.	8 upwards.	Weekly.	Southampton & Liverpool.
WEST INDIES.	From £40.	From 34	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg.

CRUISES TO MOROCCO.

Canary Islands and Madeira.

23 days from £18.

For further particulars apply:—

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY,

London: 18, Moorgate St., E.C., or 32, Cockspur St., S.W.

FEARLESS CRITICISM

In support of principle
In exposure of humbug
In scorn of cant

THE COMMENTATOR

A
Weekly Review
of Politics, Art,
Music, Literature,
and the Stage.

ONE PENNY WEEKLY
of all Newsagents—or sent
direct from the Publishers,
for 6s. per annum (post free)
or 3s. for six months.

COMMENTATOR, Ltd., 51, Essex St., London